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# Social Revolution versus War

## The Business of Murder

(Press Reports 1932)

**China.**—Fifteen American pilots have been hired at salaries ranging from 2000 to 6000 silver dollars per month, to act as instructors of the new school established at Hongkong for the training of military pilots.

**London.**—The Chinese Embassy claims that 58,248 people have been murdered by Japanese troops from September 18th to December 1932.

**Poland.**—Over 50 persons have been condemned to death in 1932 for espionage for Russia. By a governmental decree, the railway and ammunition workers are now regarded as soldiers. Strikes will be regarded in the future as mutiny and strikers sentenced by a court martial.

**Russia.**—For the next five years the government intends to build 94 airships, and increase its present number of 2000 military aeroplanes to 5000. For all citizens above 16 it is being made obligatory to have a passport.

**Spain.**—The bourgeois-socialist "republic" has allotted for military aeronautics 150 million pesetas. From 1909 to 1931 the military occupation of Morocco has cost Spain 60,000 lives and 8 million pesetas. Since the establishment of the "republic" nearly 300 workers have been killed by the government.

**Turkey.**—Forty new military aeroplanes will be bought this year.

**Geneva.**—According to the League of Nations' Year Book on the armament and ammunition trade, England exports the most armaments. From 1925 to 1930 armaments were exported to 35 countries and colonies to a total value of 800 million guilders. A third part of this falls to England. In 1930 the exports amounted to 136 million guilders, 31% of which fell to England, 13% to France, 12% to the United States, 10% to Czechoslovakia and 8% to Sweden. More than half of the English export went to the British colonies and dominions. The remainder went to Spain, Japan, Greece, Chili, Holland and Bolivia. China imports most ammunition: 20%, and of the arms and ammunition together 15%. Of the total weapon and ammunition import in China in 1930 JAPAN supplied 38%, Germany 26%, Belgium 15%. Shooting and sporting weapons are not included in these figures nor the extensive smuggle trade in arms (army, navy and air force gas).

On August 8th the representatives of the Russian Sojuzneft-export signed a contract at Paris with a number of French oil importers, under the direction of the company "Petrofina Francaise" for the supply of more than two million tons of oil. This agreement means that France will buy the greater part of the oil she needs from Russia. It is said that the French navy, as well as the Italian, stoke from now onwards only Russian oil. The Bolshevik press celebrates this agreement as a great victory of Russian export (Russcor).

It is stated officially that on Sept. 24th the Japanese Russian petroleum agreement was signed. The petroleum syndicate pledges itself to deliver 60,000 tons of petroleum annually for the Japanese navy. The agreement comes into force immediately.

**Austria.**—Between December 20th and 31st 50,000 rifles and Carabins, together with 200 machine guns have been smuggled from Italy to Hungary via Austria. The German steamer "Atlas" took on board a cargo of war material in the harbor of Dantzig, originating from Austria, whereupon it apparently made for Reval, the capital for Estland but arrived at Rouen in France, where the cargo was taken over by the steamer Columbia which brought it to Brazil.

The town of Steyr, in Austria, may escape the fate of hunger and distress that has fallen over so many communities of that unhappy land. Heavy orders for munitions of war, from Brazil and Portugal mainly, and from other countries as well, are given as the reason why life may once again bloom in this ammunition-manufacturing center. Likewise the Skoda works, in Czechoslovakia, which have been running on reduced schedule, are to go back on a more "normal" schedule soon, large orders for war materials having come in.

**Japan.**—The armament industry is flooded with orders. Factories are working overtime. The "labor leaders" are co-operating with the government in the factories of destruction.

The New Outlook of Toronto, Canada, recently printed an address of Colonel George A. Drew, in which he made the following assertions: "Japanese troops in Manchuria are shot down by munitions made in Japan. In the World War German troops were shot down by German-made artillery. In England, various munition-making firms have been combined into Vickers Limited, Clergymen, editors, statesmen, bishops, are among the stockholders.

The war that is now being waged between Japan and China has already gone into its second consecutive year. It is most certainly not a war for Freedom and Social Justice, but for the basic purposes of all capitalist wars—TRADE, EXPANSION AND TERRITORY. As such, the Anarchist can have no interest that either side should win. But we do have an interest that the exploiters and rulers of both countries should lose! Our utmost energy can only be bent on arousing the enslaved masses of both countries and pointing out that they are fighting in a wrong war—a war in which they are the only sufferers and losers. It is only when they begin to realize these truths that they will turn their guns and ammunition against their own exploiters and rulers. Such a war, the War of Social Rebellion, is the only one justifiable and worthy of fighting for, as it is the one singular road that leads to the dawn of Freedom, Justice and Equal Opportunities for all alike.



THE VICTOR!

From a drawing of Henry Barnard by D. Chun

## Commerce and War

"Naval policy . . . is based and designed to support national policies and national interest . . . To make every effort, both home and abroad, to assist the development of American interests . . ." General Board U. S. Navy, Nov. 12, 1928.

"From the time of Washington until the present . . . the chief function of the navy was commerce protection."—Senator Johnson, July 11, 1930.

### Commercial Interests of U. S. Control in Figures

|                    |               |                    |              |
|--------------------|---------------|--------------------|--------------|
| Alaska             | \$ 88,905,000 | Cuba               | \$24,595,000 |
| Hawaii             | 188,541,000   | Haiti              | 28,872,000   |
| Philippine Islands | 243,356,000   | Dominican Republic | 51,843,000   |
| Virginia           | 2,559,000     | Panama             | 16,250,000   |
| Samoa              | 2,294,000     | Nicaragua          | 21,797,000   |
| Guam               | 967,000       | Liberia            | 2,528,000    |
| Uruguay            | 27,173,789    | Porto Rico         | 172,478,000  |

(Figures prepared by Professor Parker T. Moors of Columbia University.)

Figures given out by Senate finance committee show that J. P. Morgan & Co. made \$10,863,626 profits from the sale of foreign bonds during the last 13 years.

## How to Destroy

March 6, 1932.—H. C. Bywater states that the United States navy is experimenting with the largest and most deadly torpedo ever used.

April 1, 1932.—British government announces that its war department has perfected a new type of armor-piercing projectile.

May, 1932.—U. S. War Department reveals device to convert Springfield rifles into machine guns.

April 13, 1932.—L. P. Barlow reports disclosing to the Russian government his secret invention for destroying cities from the air.

## War Preparations in Figures

The military budgets for the principal states, in comparison with former years, are as follows:

|               | In Millions of Dollars |         |         |
|---------------|------------------------|---------|---------|
|               | 1913-14                | 1920-27 | 1930-31 |
| Great Britain | 375.1                  | 564     | 525     |
| France        | 348.7                  | 210.5   | 455.3   |
| Italy         | 179.1                  | 207.8   | 258.9   |
| Japan         | 95.5                   | 212     | 232.1   |
| U. S. S. R.   | 447.7                  | 362.9   | 579.4   |
| U. S. A.      | 244.6                  | 591.5   | 727.7   |
| Germany       | 463.3                  | 166.6   | 170.4   |

War preparations and expenditures for past wars accounted for 61 cents out of every dollar spent by the United States government in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, according to official figures. As much as \$2,728,000,000 went for war purposes, while the amount allotted for all other purposes totals \$1,065,000,000.

In the next fiscal year, ending June 30, 1933, it was intended to spend an even larger proportion of federal money for war. While aid for agriculture was to be cut nearly \$145,000,000, public buildings and works more than \$135,000,000, public health by \$1,675,500 (to a total of \$20,820,500) and education by \$220,000—while all these economies were intended in peace time expenditures, war expenses were actually to be increased by nearly \$87,000,000, getting 68.7 per cent out of every federal dollar in the next fiscal year.

In 1932 an increasing deficit forced the administration to consider economies. Wages were being slashed. Unwanted jobless were harried from town to town. Schools were being closed. The President, however, ordered congress in March, 1932, not to cut the military-naval budget. At first it was proposed to suspend the C. M. T. C. to save \$2,603,624 and to save \$1,080,773 on the R. O. T. C. and \$2,109,768 by cutting out the 14-day training pay for organized reserves. The house of representatives May 17, 1932, refused to cut down the appropriations for the army department, and the figure for national defense is likely to remain unaltered in 1933.

Hoover's last budget message in December, 1932 made net reductions of \$580,000,000, but of this \$400,000,000 was cut from roadbuilding, construction of public buildings, river harbor and flood control work and other public works.

The manner in which the various governments are "preparing for peace" is to be gleaned from the following facts: England has now 188,672 tons of naval bottom; France, 37,854; Japan, 21,339 and Italy 60,000 tons. Claude Swanson, the new secretary of the navy in Mr. Roosevelt's "new deal" cabinet, returning from the Geneva (?) disarmament conference, demands that the U. S. government should build 119 new warships at a cost of \$1,000,000,000.

## Future Wars

March 14, 1932.—U. S. War Department refuses to furnish for publication official photos depicting gruesome aspect of war.

April 14, 1932.—Benito Mussolini predicts war among all countries, ending in complete destruction. Declares also that war is (?) "enobling."

May 16, 1932.—T. Q. Harrison, quaker, predicts war as a result of depression and nationalism.

October 2, 1932.—Bolshevik government sees world on brink of disaster.

October 13, 1932.—Lloyd George says that many organizations and situations are leading to new wars.

November 11, 1932.—J. Sauerwein believes United States would again become involved if a new war broke out.

November 26, 1932.—W. S. Churchill discloses details of preparation for future wars by all the governments of the world, in his new book: "Amid the Storms."

December 12, 1932.—Peace-workers meeting at Westchester county of N. Y., express fear for future wars as a result of the present economic crisis.

## The Last World War

The last world war cost 30,000,000 lives and \$400,000,000 in property. There were 30,000,000 men under arms in 1930, 10 million more than in 1914.

War debts from the last world war amount to \$10,338,058,352.20.

Annual expenditures for war by various governments throughout the world amount to \$4,300,000,000.

U. S. Government spent on war preparations from 1791 to 1800: \$2,614,000. From 1800 to 1932: \$314,274,104.

Future war is in the hands of the working people. They have the power to stifle it . . . the most efficient way of breaking the backbone of war . . . by striking it at the decisive moment at its very source of profits and death, its ammunition factories and its means of transportation.—Romain Rolland.



# A SYMPOSIUM ON WAR

**Voltaire**—Man, with his ten fingers, unarmed either for attack or defense, was never formed violently to abridge life which necessity has already rendered so short. The gout, with its chalkstones, and the hardened slime forms itself into pebbles at the bottom of the bladder, the fever, the catarrh, and a hundred diseases more dreadful; a hundred mountebanks in ermine, still more the foes of our peace, would have been sufficient to render this globe a valley of tears, without its being necessary to invent this sublime art of war.

**David Hume**—When our own nation is at war with any other, we detest them under the character of cruel, perfidious, unjust, and violent; but always esteem ourselves and allies equitable, moderate and merciful. . . . The treachery (of our commander) we call policy; his cruelty is an evil inseparable from war. In short, every one of his faults we either endeavor to extenuate or dignify it with the name of that which approaches it.

**Immanuel Kant**—We are civilized till we have become a burden to ourselves, with every kind of social refinement and decency. But we are a long way from being entitled to look upon ourselves as moralized. For . . . so long as governments concentrate all their strength on frivolous designs for forcibly extending their power, thus continually putting obstacles in the way of the slow efforts their people are making to think for themselves, so long need nothing of the kind be expected.

**William Godwin**—War and conquest cannot be beneficial to the community. Their tendency is to elevate a few at the expense of the rest, and consequently they will never be undertaken but where the many are the instruments of the few. Declarations of war and treaties of peace are inventions of a barbarous age.

**Michael Bakunin**—We abhor monarchy with all our hearts; but at the same time we are convinced that a great republic, too, with army, bureaucracy, and political centralization, will make a business of conquest without and oppression within, and will be incapable of guaranteeing happiness and liberty to its subjects even if it calls them citizens. Even in the purest democracies such as the United States and Switzerland, a privileged minority faces the vast enslaved majority.

**Peter Kropotkin**—The immense and ever-increasing sums that the State collects from the people are never sufficient; it lives at the expense of future generations, and steers with all its might to utter bankruptcy. State is tantamount to war; one state seeks to weaken and ruin another in order to force upon the latter its law, its policy, its commercial treaties, and to enrich itself at its expense; war is today the usual condition in Europe, there is thirty years' supply of causes of war on hand.

**Bertrand Russell**—War is a conflict between two groups, each of which attempts to kill and maim as many as possible of the other group in order to achieve some object which it desires. The objects are generally either power or wealth. It is a pleasure to exercise authority over other men, and it is a pleasure to live on the produce of other men's labor. The victor in war can enjoy more of these delights than the vanquished. War differs from the employment of force by the police through the fact that the actions of the police are ordered by a neutral authority, whereas in war it is the parties to the dispute themselves who set force in motion. This distinction is not absolute, since the State is not always neutral in internal disturbances. When strikers are shot down, the State is taking the side of the rich.

**Douglas Jerrold**—The craft of man has made a splendid ceremony of homicide—has invested it with dignity. He slaughters with flags flying, drums beating, trumpets braying. He kills according to method, and has worldly honors for his grim handiwork. He does not, like the unchristian savage, carry away with him mortal trophies from the skulls of his enemies. No; the alchemy or magic of authority turns his well-won scalps into epaulets, or hangs them in stars and crosses at his button-hole; and then, the battle over—the dead not beaten, but carefully buried—and the maimed, and mangled howling and blaspheming in hospitals—the weak Christian warrior marches to church, and reverently folding his sweet and spotless hands, sings *Te Deum*. Angels waft his fervent thanks to God, to whose footstool—on his own faith—he has so lately sent his shuddering thousands. And this spirit of destruction is canonized by the craft and ignorance of men, and worshipped as glory! . . . But glory cannot dazzle Truth. Does it not at times appear no other than a highway-man with a pistol at a nation's breast? A burglar, with a crowbar, entering a kingdom.

**Andreas Latzko**—The chic Madame Dill wanted a hero to have his brains spilled. . . . Was I an assassin? . . . We were expected to be gentle and considerate! Considerate! And all at once, because the fashion changed, they wanted us to be murderers. Do you understand? Murderers!

You want to know what was the most awful thing? The disillusionment was the most awful thing—the going off. The war wasn't. The war is what it has to be. Did it surprise you to find out that war is horrible? The only surprising thing was the going off. To find out that women are cruel—that was the surprising thing. That they can smile and throw roses; that they can give up their husbands, their children, the little boys they have put to bed a thousand times, tucked up a thousand times, have fondled, have created from their own flesh and blood. That was a surprise. . . . No general could have done anything if the women hadn't allowed us to be packed into the trains, if they had screamed out that they would never

look at us again if we became murderers. Not a man would have gone if they had sworn never to give themselves to one who had split open other men's skulls or shot and bayoneted his fellows.

**Anatole France**—Bearing arms has filled me always with loathing and horror. I despise the false glory, the servility, and the cruelty that are inseparable from it. Indeed, my son, I tell you that the service of war seems to me to be the blackest pest of cultured humanity.

I despise soldiers not so much because their martial glory is the end seed of death in the animal sense, as that it is the seed of moral and intellectual death. By its perpetuation of ignorance and mental torpor, it kills the man before the gun-shot has deprived him of breath. There is no greater enemy of arts than the leader of troops. Generally the superiors are as ill educated as their troopers. The habit of dictation makes the commander unskilful for real oratory, which implies the necessity and desire to persuade, to enlighten, and to educate instead of to bully and rave. Hence arises the soldier's contempt for the creative word, the sciences, and the fine arts.

**Leo Tolstoi**—The Liberals, Socialists, and other "advanced" men who are entangled in their phrases and eloquence humbug themselves and others into believing that their brilliant speeches in palaces, parliament, and so on, their unions, strikes, pamphlets are of enormous weight, and on the other hand that the people who refuse to perform military service are quite too small in numbers and unimportant to be of support and aid to the cause of peace and freedom. . . . Yes, war armies will not be reduced and gradually eliminated from the world before public opinion brands as a criminal every man who, through moral cowardice or selfishness, barter his freedom and joins the crowd of trained murderers which is called the army. They again, who are now despised and condemned by their fellows in the future—men who, in spite of persecution and sufferings, refuse to take their stand in the ranks of the slayer—will be hailed as the champions of humanity and civilization.

**Henri Barbusse**—War-talk! No one wants it now. And they have been saying so for years. And yet, so long as the old law, which wills the same causes be followed by same effects, holds good, our interest in war must be, not a thing of the past, but of the present and future. Unless, of course, we turn around and begin attacking the causes themselves.

## The Biology of War

G. F. Nicolai

It is when nations are overcome by the intoxication of war that rowdiness, blows, and the use of fists and knives become general. . . . Tigers never eat tigers, and in any case scarcely any animals ever eat their own kind, cannibalism, like war, being one of the blessings conferred by civilization and peculiar to man. . . .

Genuine wars, however, did not begin except where actual property was accumulated; and as property is in a certain sense a sign of civilization, war might likewise appear to be so. . . . Would man but realize that there is nothing natural, nothing great, and nothing noble about war, but that it is merely one of the numberless consequences of the introduction of property! In short, war in its essence is a business, like thousands of others, except that it is unnatural and assumes certain violent forms.

For whatever purpose a war may be fought, however great the spoils of the victor, mankind must always be exploited, either because the accumulated results of his labor are forcibly appropriated or because others are trying to use the results of his future labor for themselves. Thus every war which has any practical result . . . must necessarily result in the enslavement of a portion of mankind. . . . Even on superficial reflection it is obvious that the terms of modern peace treaties likewise attempt to impose some form of slavery. What is a war indemnity if not part of the labor of a vanquished foe . . . ? Goethe is not so very far wrong in thinking that there is not much to choose between honest soldiers imposing a war tax and a gang of thieves . . . what can the conquest of a province mean except that we partly appropriate to ourselves what the enemy has done there, and thus are again guilty of exploitation? . . . True, numerous relics of slavery, such as exploitation, still persist, and just so far as these relics extend can there now be said to be any object in war. Every one, however, who defends war under any conditions whatever ought to know that in so doing he is advocating slavery.

In principle, therefore, it may be said that wherever force and intolerance decide, there is no positive selection to promote human evolution, for here not the wise man, but the strong man, has the upper hand. But where justice prevails, there the wise man, not the strong man, rules, talent, and not brute force; and consequently positive selection takes place, tending toward human evolution. . . . For the most important part of man, therefore, war is in no sense a tonic or fortifying medicine, but on the contrary has a lowering effect.

The object of war, in short, both practical and intellectual, is the destruction of the subject by the object. Now, this being so, as no one doubts or even can doubt, it is really astonishing that many persons should so very frequently express surprise at its inevitable results. The fittest symbols of war are in reality two lions devouring each other, which can be called in turn subject and object.

No, it is not dying which is the characteristic act distinctive of war, but killing, for war is the one occasion when twentieth-century man thinks himself justified in killing his fellow-man. But killing is brutalizing, even for those men, like the hangman, who kills in accordance with legally prescribed forms. Moreover, the hangman's calling used naturally to be looked upon as ignominious, and even now

When will the working classes, those tragic purveyors to the slaughter-house, who provide such splendid food for powder in time of war—when will they spit forth what is left in them of the traditional worship of national armies, of courts-martial and of those upperlings called War Ministers?

**Albert Einstein**—I would unconditionally refuse to do war service, direct or indirect, and would try to persuade my friends to take the same stand, regardless of how the cause of the war should be judged. . . . Those who think that the danger of war is past are living in a fool's paradise. We have to face today a militarism far more powerful and destructive than the militarism which brought the disaster of the Great War. . . . I appeal especially to the intellectuals of the world. I appeal to my fellow-scientists to refuse to cooperate in research for war purposes. I appeal to the men of letters to declare themselves unequivocally. . . . This is no time for temporizing. You are either for war or against war. If you are for war you must encourage science, finance, industry, religion and labor to exert their power to make your national armaments as efficient and deadly as they can be. If you are against war you must encourage them to resist it to the utmost.

**Romain Rolland**—The most potent action within the competence of us all, men and women alike, is individual action, the action of man on man, of soul on soul, action by word, by example, by the whole personality.

Betrayed liberty, take sanctuary in the hearts of the faithful, fold your wounded pliations! In days to come you will resume your splendid flight. . . . Those who now oppress you, will then sing your praises. But in my eyes never have you seemed more beautiful than in this time of trial, when you are poor, despoiled, and stricken. You have nothing to offer those who love you, nothing but danger and the smile of your undaunted eyes. Nevertheless, not all the wealth of the world can be compared with this gift. The lackeys of public opinion, the worshippers of success, will never compete with us for it. But we shall be true to you.

In the name of these young men and their brothers who have been sacrificed in all the lands of the world engaged in mutual slaughter, I throw these cries of pain in the faces of the sacrificers. May the blood sting their faces. . . . Above all race questions, which are for the most part a mask behind which pride crouches and the interests of the financial or aristocratic classes dissemble, there is a law of humanity, eternal and universal. . . .

he has to live, in self-imposed anonymity, a somewhat solitary existence. . . . War, which is fought out with cold steel, is, after all, a bloody business, and the effect of blood must not be left out of account. . . . War confronts human beings with situations in which they must act inhumanly.

Now, the Government holds that it, like a skilful physician, is entitled to tell the people lies, and therefore it has always, and particularly during the war, endeavored to defend official methods of reporting events. . . . War is thus a training in lying, and every conceivable subsidiary moral purpose vanishes, since this lying is done solely for the benefit of . . . our . . . nation.

War destroys what is substantially valuable. Houses are shot to pieces, crops ruined, and human beings killed; but nothing of the sort is produced. . . . Consequently not only war itself, but also all work connected therewith, is a waste of energy from the outset.

The few who gain by war, however, who are mostly also those who give the lead, have only too frequently no interest whatever in preventing war. Even in a very unsuccessful war they hardly stand to lose much. Whatever happens, they are the gainers, and they it is who make wars. . . . There is no excuse, however, for the hypocrisy of those who have remained at home—a hypocrisy now coming to light everywhere. . . . At any rate, only the people in general have a real interest in making an end of war; and if this is ever to be done, then the peoples absolutely must take matters into their own hands. . . . None save those interested in the realization of an idea are in a position to bring it about, and as only mankind in general are uniformly interested in an end being put to war, only mankind in general will be able to effect anything. . . . International democracy need not begin by enforcing peace, but if ever it does exist, then it goes without saying that it will not be able to subsist without peace.

The direct destruction of the works of civilization is relatively unimportant in comparison with this subjective modification of the human capacity for civilization. And yet how much there is of this destruction! The fields are devastated, and cities are burned; industries are destroyed, and works of art are laid to ruins. Perhaps this is inevitable, but things also which have nothing to do with war are senselessly and purposelessly destroyed. . . . This is the senseless logic of war. On the one side it sacrifices millions of men, and on the other side it holds that a single soldier is worth more than the most magnificent beauty of a cathedral, or the highest which might have completed the work which Newton began.

At any rate, it is a fact that not a single past war has ever anywhere been the cause of any noteworthy invention, which again is but one more proof of the comparative unimportance of war for the human race. . . . War . . . has virtually taught mankind nothing.

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Credit for some of the anti-war material given in this issue is due to the Press Service of The International Antimilitaristic Commission. (Albert De Jong, Haarlem, Holland), Mark Starr (The One Big Union Bulletin, Winnipeg, Canada), "War" by Guy A. Aldred, The Century Co. for "The Biology of War" by G. F. Nicolai, and to "An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry" by Marcus Graham for all the poems in this issue, except the last one, originally written for MAN!—Editor.



# ANARCHISM IN THE INSURRECTION OF SPAIN

Federica Montseny

The doctrinary aspect, what we might call the moral side of this bloody exploit, is yet to be discussed. We have felt so deep our indignation and anger at the barbarity and cruelty of the governmental repression, that there has been no room left for the analysis, for the criticism or for the study of this new attempt to establish libertarian communism.

I have written the word criticism, but I want to withdraw it. If a criticism is to be made of the last movement, if there has been a difference of opinion at its birth and tactical errors in its development let us leave all this for later. All battles when lost are ascribed to the faults of somebody; however, nobody ever asks for responsibilities of the victory.

Besides, there is an aspect of the last upheaval which interests me above everything else because of the moral lesson it involves, because of the formidable substantiation that it is.

I am writing these lines just after I have spoken with comrades, Valencian peasants, who took part in the tragedy, who have saved themselves and have now gone through Barcelona on their way to voluntary exile. Also under similar circumstances not long ago I shook the horny hands of other emigrants from Aragon who had been beaten in a previous attempt. All of them sons of the Soil; all of them workers on the fields, and what is more to be admired, all of them small property owners in their respective villages, owners of lands and farms that assured them "by working their own property" a relatively easy living.

Probably the world had never seen an anarchist and revolutionary movement as powerful as that of Spain, and developed, precisely in its potency, in the country, among the peasants, receiving from them the moving force of the land.

Andalucia and Extremadura on the one hand, Castellon and Valencia on the other: Aragon and Catalonia making another group, they embody unlike features and characteristics within a parallel movement. In Andalucia and Extremadura there is the problem of the land, presenting itself in the same manner as it might have presented itself in Russia before the revolution, and also in France before its revolution. Proletarianized masses, multitudes of serfs of the land who go hungry and suffer vexations and who have, besides, a high moral concept, a generous and rebel concept of life. In Aragon and Catalonia, in Castellon and Valencia, with some differences of local shades, the causality of the moral and revolutionary movement is another one; here fully ideal, without any other moving force, without any other reason than a full grown consciousness, than an ideal that has been assimilated and the generous will to put it into practice, for the well-being of all.

In this recent attempt, which failed as will also fall other attempts before we may consider the battle as won, we have witnessed details and touching deeds that astonish the onlooker who is not from our midst, but who has an open mind and sensibility.

In Burgarra and in Pedralba, when libertarian communism was proclaimed, the comrades who had the initiative of the movement were consulted by the neutral and bourgeois minded elements.

"And now, what are you going to do?"

"What are we all going to do, you should ask. Because the first thing we have to do is to take over the whole town and make decisions with a view to arranging our new life. It is a question for everybody to work, doing all the work together and everybody consuming that which is produced.

"Ah, but this is libertarian communism! Then we already understand each other."

There is not there the struggle of interests and classes, the feudal struggle of Andalucia and Extremadura, regions which are owned by a few landholders. In Valencia, the same as in Aragon and Catalonia, the land, divided in small holdings, gives everybody a moderate means that makes them equal. Misunderstanding, the evil work carried on against us, is the only thing that can turn these farmers hostile to our ideal, for when they know that libertarian communism means that the work be done in common, by everybody, and to consume equally and fraternally the products of the common work, they will gladly and readily accept it. Fortunately this misunderstanding is becoming less and less. The propaganda by the deed, made by these movements, is in this aspect, incalculable. The peasant masses; the peoples who have lived in anticipation of libertarian communism and who have seen it, we may say, pictured in the very life, know it well, they have touched it by themselves; they have seen its fruits in practice, however short and fleeting this experience might have been.

But it is another aspect that I want to emphasize in these lines. This theme is too important to us, too suggestive for me that I should not attempt to develop it in its full significance and point out those lessons that are taken from reality itself.

Notwithstanding the statements of the detractors of anarchism both those of the reactionary extreme right and that aggressive and narrow center of liberalism and the State communists, as well as our own traitors who want to stab us in the back—anarchism is the only philosophy that because of the very reason of its broadness, its boundlessness, appears as something great and eternal in the eyes of man. All the political ideas have been gradually realized; all the old theories that were current in the XIX century and made to appear young once more in this century, such as State communism, have been gradually destroyed by the implacability of the facts. Only anarchism remains sound, unharmed and victorious, each day acquiring a more definite contour before the human aspiration and thought.

Even that which has been considered as the less firm basis of our ideal, the very same thing which comrades—unknowingly infected with Marxism—fought against, the living facts, reality, have taken care of showing its deep rooted force in the nature of man.

Historical materialism has branded the anarchist belief in the moral impulse as a determinant of the actions and of the evolution of man and societies, as metaphysical and mystic. Paul Gilie, the author of that admirable essay on a philosophy of human dignity, clearly set the basis of this superior conception of life, in its outward relations and in its inner causality. But it all might have been presented and was presented as dead theory, as pranks of a man of thought, lacking vital demonstration and verification. Here we are then, with life, with facts, showing and endorsing those genial empiricisms, which are tremulous as well as solid foundations of the great historical conceptions.

There is a moral impulse, an inner moving force, a feeling of interhuman solidarity that is manifested, precisely, in men and peoples that live in a superior state of evolution. . . . There is an evolution which we may call mechanical; a scientific or cerebral progress, that has nothing in common with moral progress, with the evolution of human sensibility and human personality. Spain, a country which has not evolved cerebrally and mechanically as the United States, as Germany, or even as Italy and France, has, however, its own evolution, an inner evolution of the feeling and of the consciousness that may shape and manifest itself in deeds such as those recently enacted.

And it is not that we, as the communist stupidly try to make it appear, have a localist conception, an Iberian conception of the revolution. But although we are internationalists and appreciate the characteristics and conceptions that are an integral part of each nation or people, we have the right and even the duty of localizing the issues in order to be able to appreciate the favorable or unfavorable contingencies of the environment.

I have said many a time, and I am not afraid that I have made a mistake, that Italy, under the foot of fascism, was nearer to revolution and freedom than France, ruled by the radical-socialist ministers, and than the pseudo-liberal England. Why? Because in Italy, as in Cuba, as in Argentine, fascism has been the gag put by a sinking regime on people of free instinct and consciousness. On the other hand, the decadent France, drunk with patriotism and with popular masses without moral ideals; the pacific England, trained in a stiffly regulated liberty; Germany, uniform and militaristic, are all fatally, inevitably far from the revolution and freedom, which lies only in the anarchist conception of life.

Only special contingencies, entirely external causalities, can push the revolution in those countries. And let us bear this in mind, these contingencies and casualties—the unsolvable problem of unemployment being the principal—will only be susceptible of giving the working masses a daring and destructive impulse. Not being endowed with a moral ideal, with an inner purpose that will unite and unify actions and desires, they are condemned to fall into the claws of State communism, which is the antithesis of individual freedom and economic equality. Germany will pass, almost without any transition, from Hitlerian fascism to State communism, both being authoritarian regimes that negate free-will and human personality, for which the domesticated German mentality is adapted.

We could then, appreciate the local conditions of the environment and of the men in Spain, local conditions which cannot be better for us nor for the cause we defend.

There are here, on the other hand, a people that has somewhat been saved from that frightful phenomena of industrialization; a people somewhat saved from that annihilation of man that is called machinism; of that quaint essence of mechanization that reduces human effort to another tooth in the gear of the huge social motor. Rationalization, introduced here by Ford, has failed. Our spirit, sanely undisciplined, gay, that is satisfied with the sun and the joy of living, that does not give importance to money and gives very great importance to freedom, could not acclimatize itself to that monstrous deviation of human nature imposed upon the people by the alleged civilized countries. Thus we have eluded that subtle castrating influence that annuls our individuality which machinism and rationalization has meant to quite a number of countries. We continue to be a sane and virgin people, undomesticated, adventurous, dreamers, idealist, dynamic and revolutionary.

Social democracy, which arrived too late at the scene, will have no time to tame us, to put us under the rigid rules and regulations. Spain today is the ox hide of which Napoleon spoke when he found the tomb of his empire here. For, how to hold, how to content men and peoples who do not rise in rebellion because of hunger and who therefore cannot be held in check by wise crumbs? Much has been said about hunger in Andalucia and Extremadura. There is hunger, appalling, awe-inspiring, but Andalucia and Extremadura do not rise in rebellion because of hunger alone. Hunger is the seed of discontent; discontent then generates the anarchist ideal. If they were hungry for bread only they would attack markets and shops. However, they think of assaulting Municipalities and of socializing lands, declaring them common property rather than of appeasing their hunger for bread for their bodies. They rather think of cultivating the fallow lands in common than in distributing "loot" among themselves as would be done by people who are hungry for bread alone and not for justice. And in Aragon, in Valencia, and Catalonia, hunger is not a material factor that moves the masses. It is only and exclusively the moral factor, a formed consciousness, a rebel spirit, a feeling of interhuman solidarity; the impulse of individual dignity shown and proved by facts.

In the last movement, however, we have seen how the large cities failed most, where the popular support was less manifest. Why? Also a result of the political configuration that the bourgeois States give the geography of the people. Barcelona, Madrid, Zaragoza, Valencia, Bilbao, Seville, are the centers of bureaucratic authoritarian concentration of each region, of each section. The atmosphere, all the moral air breathed there is entirely different. There is a conscious rebel minority and a popular mass of wage earners that may

be moved at the decisive psychological moments by that minority. We would now be going into the question of whether the last uprising was timely or untimely, which aspect I do not care to discuss at this time.

Besides, for the Spanish social revolution that has started and of which the uprising of Jan. 8, 1933 is only an episode, Barcelona, Valencia, Madrid, Zaragoza, Bilbao, are only details; they are at all events what I have already said—bureaucratic and authoritarian concentrations, to which a special revolutionary strategy should be applied. They can no longer mark the starting points of routes to follow, but revolutionary objectives. We must march upon them and demolish them, using up only those productive elements which will constitute the local cell of the new free civilization.

\* \* \* \*

From all this lesson of facts herein emphasized I want now to draw only the following conclusion: the proof of the determining and decisive importance of the moral factor, of the individual concept of the value, of the ideal, of the revolution and of life. In this living epic poem, had it not been for "Seisdedos," brave and stoic; Blanco, dying like a lion and reserving for himself the last bullet; the peasants of Andalucia, Valencia and the Canaries who rather than give themselves up escaped to the mountains, battling and fighting in guerrilla warfare; had it not been for the personal courage of a few men in Barcelona, in Lerida, in Madrid, the last attempt would have been both a material and moral failure. When from among the masses there arose men; when these masses had the inner impulse that individualized them, the movement acquired a surprising greatness and heroism.

Once more the old topics of Anarchism, the general and eternal lines of the ideal, have shown themselves fully confirmed and endorsed by the reality of facts and the blood of men.

(Translated from "La Revista Blanca" of February 15, 1933, Barcelona, Spain, by Onofre Dallas.)

## SPARKS

Engineers at the Iowa State College have calculated that farmers of that State can burn corn as cheaply as they can purchase coal. Thus, another milestone in the onward march of "civilization" has been achieved. . . .

\* \* \* \*

The directors of the Methodist Episcopal Church admit this most significant truth:

"Our review of the present situation in economic, political, religious and church life reveals the essential bankruptcy of the present capitalistic regime."

No one need think that the Church is ready to give up its most lucrative business! Oh, no! It will have to be rooted out just as every other prop of the present order.

\* \* \* \*

"The Money Changers Are Still In the Temple"—reads an editorial heading in "The Milwaukee Leader." Is this possible? Right after the brotherly confab between Norman Thomas, Morris Hilquit and F. D. Roosevelt? . . .

\* \* \* \*

Upon noticing the conversion of Dr. William J. Robinson, editor of "The Critic and Guide," to an admirer of Mussolini, I forwarded him a postal card with two photos of one man. The first showing him as he was, when not disguised, and the second as he is now: that his eyes have been torn out by the Fascists of Italy.

\* \* \* \*

The fifteen million unemployed are being safe-guarded all right by the new mountebank—F. D. Roosevelt! News has leaked out to the effect that the navy and army chiefs have mapped out a "black" plan with which to drown in blood any attempted rebellion by the unemployed! The "New Deal" is proving itself a most perfect Double Deal for the "forgotten man."

\* \* \* \*

"The American people have at last had a lucky break. The culminating crisis of the depression has occurred at the precise moment when they are in the best possible position to take advantage of it."

This is from the pen of none other than the former secretary of a Socialist Mayor, also former editor of the now defunct liberal daily, "The New York World," and also receiver of all sorts of pedigrees by various kept institutions of "learning,"—his eminency—the well renowned pen-harlot—Walter Lippman.

\* \* \* \*

"I am ready to lead the hosts of labor into a battle which we are determined to carry to the last possible ounce of our strength."

This was written by some one in the name of the overfed ignoramus who figures as the head of The American Federation of Labor. It appeared in the February issue of "The Nation's Business," (the organ of capitalism), which is in itself an assurance that Mr. Green hadn't meant a single word of what he has attached his name to.

\* \* \* \*

Twenty million people in Great Britain do not own a single plot of ground. Out of a total area of 37,234,263 acres, about 27,500,000 acres are owned by 37,000 people.

\* \* \* \*

For seven long years Judge Webster Thayer ostentatiously held the whip of life and death over Sacco and Vanzetti. Every time their fate came up before him, he decreed death to our two comrades. Once he even openly boasted of what he has done "to those Anarchist bastards." With the aid of every legal trickery he lived to see the brutal crucifixion. Adamant to the very end, the monstrous instrument of an unjust society pretended not to budge even when a bomb had shattered to bits his house last year, and left him with fear and a heart-attack that finally brought death to him on April 18th. No liberty loving man or woman will shed any tears over his death. On the contrary, we, and those who will come after us, will have nothing but contempt and condemnation for the memory of an inhuman judicial bandit.

M. G.



# IN RETROSPECT

## Dictatorship on the Saddle

Germany, the country that was to lead mankind into the socialist millennium via the ballot box—having millions of supporting voters—has born some very cankerous fruit ever since the onward march of deceit was begun in 1914 by the leaders of Marxian-Socialism. Aside from their support given to the Kaiser during the entire duration of the war, they have worked hand in hand with President Von Hindenburg. They have made possible the slaughtering of such fine-spirited rebels as Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, and brought also to an early death our own comrade Gustav Landauer. It is also the Marxian Social Democracy that brought forward henchmen like Noske, Hebert, Scheideman, and now, the blackest of them all—Adolph Hitler! (Marxian socialism should also be given credit for the Pilsudskis, MacDonalds, Mussolinis, Lenins, and Stalins.)

All this cannot cause any surprise to the Anarchist school of thought. The soul-essence of Marx's "Das Kapital" has laid the foundation for all the treachery that has and is being committed against every fundamental principle of Freedom, Justice, and Equality. For, from the blackest to the reddest of the triumphant rulers, each proudly claims to have reached the present attitude via the school of Marxian-socialism. Had Marx himself not proclaimed that "the end justifies the means"? How faithfully his disciples have and are practicing it! Can then any one of our Libertarian school be surprised to witness the treacherous surrender of the Socialist-controlled labor movement to the Nazis-Fascist regime? Or, should we be astonished at Hitler's truthful declaration that "... the State needs the Church" and will henceforth absorb it? Need we be astounded at the Nazis' imitation of the Czaristic methods in staging pogroms on Jews in order to cover their own misdeeds, and thereby making a scape-goat of the unfortunate Semites?

Regretably, the Anarchist movement in Germany has been very negligible. Many of our comrades were drawn into the Syndicalist movement, erroneously choosing that as the shortest road for attaining our ideal. At one time the Syndicalist movement of Germany claimed tens of thousands of supporters. If the movement were only a fraction of what it has been claimed for, it would not have submitted as easily, as it seemingly did. A virile Anarchist movement such as we had in Italy during the rise of black fascism at least fought to the best of its abilities against the monster. It lost the battle, but with honor, refusing to surrender.

Seemingly, the world finds itself today embroiled by all sorts of dictatorships: Communist dictatorships, Socialist dictatorships, Fascist dictatorships, Republican and Democratic dictatorships. They all embrace one central idea: ruling over the oppressed and exploited. Freedom, justice, equality of opportunity for every living soul, an end to every form of exploitation, all this receives nothing but sinister ridicule and renunciation from any of the dictatorships. It could not be otherwise, since they all maintain themselves in power only by force and coercion.

Out of it, the blackest page in the history of civilized man, will eventually rise the cry of humanity for liberation from every sort of dictatorship. Man will not forever remain in the straight-jacket patterned for him by capitalism or Marxian-socialism. The present order of injustice will reach the beginning of its end, at the very height of triumph. To hasten this end every rebel fighting for real freedom has an herculean task to perform, a most gladdening task just the same. For, victory shall bring about the dawn of the Day of Liberation and Happiness for every human being alike.

## Rampant Race Hatred

Any one who has ever traversed the "sunny" South knows that the negro race is being treated most unjustly and shamefully by the whites, particularly so by the white exploiters and rulers. The resentencing to death of Haywood Patterson at Decatur, Alabama, and the imminent death sentence that likewise faces the other negro boys of the infamous Scottsboro frame-up, has but served to illustrate once more the mistreatment of the negro in the South. It is likewise, a most sinister display of class-justice, equalled only by the Mooney and Billings case.

The fact that one of the supposedly attacked girls repudiated her former story, meant nothing to the jury. Neither did it mean anything to the honorable judge to allow the entire trial of Patterson to go on, when no negro jury man was allowed to serve, or when the persecuting (not prosecuting) attorney launched into a most venomous attack on the Jewish attorneys and the Negro race. (One of the attorneys was even foolish enough to bestow praise upon the "great fairness" displayed by the Judge!)

Undoubtedly, the defense of Clarence Darrow and of Hays might have brought about an acquittal, but the Communist party was more interested in maintaining control over the case, even if it jeopardized the lives of the boys.

In the meantime, the Scottsboro boys face death! Only the revolutionary action of the workers here and throughout the world may yet save their lives! This action must be forthcoming before it will prove too late. The exploiters

and rulers of mankind don't stop at anything to perpetuate their system of injustice. Neither should the exploited stop at anything that might prove an aid to combat this system of injustice. Let us not forget that Sacco and Vanzetti died due to our own vain castles of hope that we had built: that the monstrous State would not dare to murder them. Let not the same folly be committed again in the Scottsboro case.

## Justice Trampled Upon Again

For but a brief moment some were led to believe that at last an opportunity would be given to Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings to prove that they have been victims of a most vicious and foul frame-up. But this hope, as all the past ones, was blasted when the Day of Justice was to dawn for the two victims. As the court opened on April 26th, this ghastly spectacle was revealed: A district attorney, Matthew Brady, (elected to office mainly as the protest of San Francisco voters against the chief framer of Mooney and Billings, and for his promise to aid in bringing about justice for the two); one who also had appealed to three consecutive governors to pardon Mooney and Billings since he believed the evidence upon which they were convicted was perjured—at the very moment when he could have aided most in giving the two men an opportunity to prove their innocence, instead revealed his true Judas-carass, by refusing to bring forth the transcript of the former trial. He had his assistants declare instead, that he has no evidence to present in this second trial, thus cutting off any chance for the defense to prove anything.

The second act of treachery was revealed by the honorable judge, Louis F. Ward, when he ruled that:

"The court would not allow any extaneous matter or testimony to impeach testimony given in the previous trial of the defendant, the court will not be a party to the weaving of any legal loophole by which Mooney might obtain freedom from the sentence of the previous trial on some constitutional ground raised as a result of this trial."

Not satisfied with having thus stifled the very hope and object of the defense in obtaining this second trial, the same judge refused to allow even this mock-trial to proceed, under the subterfuge that the few hundred voices outside the court room shouting "We want Mooney!" made it impossible to have a "fair trial"! Not satisfied with his already evinced acts of duplicity, the honorable Mr. Ward declared:

"The rights of the defendant are not impaired. He is in prison."

So! the rights of a worker "are not impaired"—because "he is in prison"! The name of Judge Louis F. Ward should become the most infamous in the history of mankind's struggle for Freedom and Justice for this most impudent statement alone!

At any rate, observing the action of the district attorney and the judge, one can easily guess what kind of justice Mooney and Billings can expect!

On the very morning of April 26th, the blackest reactionary organ of injustice, the San Francisco Chronicle, openly announced on its front page, that:

"From authoritative sources it was learned that Judge Ward's decision granting Mooney a trial on the old charge is frowned on by those high in city and county politics."

Its sister organ, in spirit, the Oakland Evening Tribune, declared on the very same day, after the court-scene:

"Meanwhile John O'Gara, former assistant district attorney, (and chief aide in framing Mooney and Billings, openly known to be in the employ of the traction interests who ordered the frame-up.—Editor) awaited

word from District Attorney Matthew Brady before intervening in an effort to block the trial." Anticipating what was to be enacted on May 22nd, the Supreme Court allowed the trial to come up. The district attorney refused to present any evidence, and the judge read his already prepared instructions ordering the jury to render an acquittal decision without retiring. Thus ended the tragical mock-trial without any opportunity being given to expose the entire frame-up against Mooney.

If there ever has been a case where class-justice most glaringly revealed itself, it is in this one. If Mooney chances still to be among the living it is mainly due to the exposure of the frame-up by Alexander Berkman through the then existing Anarchist Journal, *The Blast*. It was that exposure that led the workers of Petrograd to force the "liberal" Wilson to demand of Governor Stephens that he stop Mooney's intended execution. And now, seventeen years after their incarceration, it should be realized by all—that no "legal" methods, nor paper resolutions, nor insignificant Communist party manipulated-demonstrations or petitions can free these two martyrs. It is only the kind of revolutionary direct action methods that stopped the execution of Mooney that can force also their release from the dungeons of capitalism!

Furthermore, there cannot be any justice, in its true meaning, as long as there remains in society one class ruling another. Only when humanity realizes that the monstrous State is the enemy of Freedom and Justice and rises to overthrow it, will there come an end to every form of exploitation and to such judicial perfidies as were committed against the Chicago Anarchists in 1886, the Boston Anarchists in 1927, and in the Mooney and Billings case of our own days.

## George Bernard Shaw

The attack by Shaw upon Anarchism made at the New York meeting arranged supposedly by the scientists, but which included on the platform most of the financiers of Wall Street, was only worthy of a man devoid of any sincerity or veracity. To declare, as he did, that the American constitution and system of Government is the purest kind of Anarchism, in face of the numerous and unceasing persecutions that this very system of Government and "constitution" has in the past perpetrated against Anarchists, is an insult to one's intelligence!

Not so long ago Mr. Shaw came out in praise of his Socialist Fascist friend, Benito Mussolini, the Butcher of Italy, which served as a prelude to the latter's meeting with Shaw's co-worker, the arch-traitor, MacDonald. Mr. Shaw is thus playing his Judas role to perfection. But, from the graves of the martyred Anarchists of Chicago and Boston, from the graves of the martyred and imprisoned dungeons of Italy, and from all the filled prisons of India, reverberates but one unequivocal reply, one that the dead (if they but could) and living victims of the regimes of American capitalism, Mussolini, and MacDonald would make to the treacherous acts of George Bernard Shaw. This reply would consist of but three words: Traitor! Liar! Clown!

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Due to the special anti-war material of this issue, the series on Anarchist Ideas, Book Review and articles by Comrade C. Berneri, Onofre Dallas, M. Acharya, Carl Nold, Jacob Hauser, Band also many poems were crowded out.

• • • • •

War is the scourge of humanity . . . the antithesis of all reason. . . War is mankind's obscene picture, and war first begot despotism. War made of free men the first slaves.—ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

W. P. Rawlinson

## Warning to Youth

Man will not live to rule even his present limited domain if the titanic ever-gathering storm of evil and destruction which now impends is allowed to crash down upon our helpless earth.

And yours is to be the hand to seal our doom, you helpless youth of the land! With your fingers about the controls of an aerial machine gun—your zeal is to be the tool of evil, writing FINIS to all the dreams youth ever had for a world of hope, of truth, of beauty, and the joy of scientific achievement.

Oh, the remorseless precision of the foe's advance! Hunger and cold will youth avoid, and into the machine of death and destruction youth will march. Food, seasoned with the zest of bayonet practice! Clothing, colored and cut to give poor visibility and ease of action in gun-battles at dawn. Shelter, and work, and recreation—all these will your governments provide if youth will only fall down and worship in the great international religious spectacle of brother slaying brother.

Poor old government! Assemblies of pompous and white-haired men on whose brows you suppose wisdom to sit. Caucuses of military generals, with charts and maps—these are they who make possible evil and death on a titanic scale. All the murders by all the outlaws in the history of this country will not match what these old gentlemen can perform, with gas and gun—and the misled hearts of young scientists—in a single week.

I want to cry out, warning! The forces of evil are preparing to wipe out the last traces of human intelligence from this planet.

How can youth escape the storm? Youth can escape becoming the tool of evil, though he may lose his life. A true scientist does not mind losing his life, if truth may be advanced thereby, and his fellows be served in some great way.

Beware the bread, beware the tents, of your political and military shepherds—they are to be avoided, even if we freeze and starve. Do not pick up a single tool for them; do not lift a weapon for them; do not march a single step in their drills, even though they retaliate with prison sentences, bread and water confinement, chains, torture, or even death. Only in this way can youth escape. In every

land, those who dream of a world of brotherhood must do this without waiting for brothers of an "enemy" nation to do it.

And who dares keep such noble and costly dreams as the dreams of youth? Is youth a fool? Is truth a foolish thing? Beauty? The spirit of righteousness? Is sin, hate, deceit, selfishness—these the sane and natural garments for youth to put on as it enters the world of the social life of this land, and other lands?

The answer is, no! The answer is a hundred thousand times—no! Youth is no fool when he dreams of a world built on the brotherhood of man. The scientists of this land and every land have such dreams. The scientists of yesterday—Bruno, Copernicus, Galileo—stood forth for the spirit of truth, in spite of imprisonment, torture, or death by whatever governments, secular or ecclesiastical, were in power.

The scientists, the real scientists of today are with us. The prophets of yesterday are with us. How can we betray ourselves and them, even to escape the jeers and hatred of kinfolks, the contempt of patriotic citizens, the merciless fury of martial government which brooks no disobedience to its iron commands? We cannot.

During the last war Bertrand Russell, Englishman, sat coolly in an English jail. Who is Bertrand Russell? Is he a fool or a fanatic? He is not. He is admittedly one of the greatest thinkers and logicians since the time of Aristotle. Yet he would not lift up a bayonet to slay "the enemy" nor lift his pen in defense of those who would. He will be in jail when the new war crashes down on our earth. Einstein will be in jail, too—he is having a difficult time keeping out, even in the brief moment of peace. These two will have the greatest company that heaven or earth affords. They are crying out to the youth of all the world—warning!

And to you, youth of this country, the same cry must go—warning! Reach your arms around this helpless earth, before the storm crashes down, and clasp the hand of brotherhood; try to save us all, before it is too late. Hunger and cold are but temporal. The night that may fall on humanity, if we bow down to the armed proponents of death and destruction, will be everlasting.

## MAN!

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## THE TESTAMENT OF MICHAEL SCHIRRU

I was born thirty-one years ago, in a small village of the Sardinian province of Sassari.

My infancy was not one of privation and misery; my father was then a clerk and earned enough to care for the family, although it was a large one.

From my early childhood I revealed a vivacious temperament; I did not like to be imposed upon, and the arrogance of strong people enraged me. I must have been ten years old, when I began to read with genuine eagerness Podrecca's *L'Asino* and another little paper called *Il Seme*. The dialogues in "Salinzucca" and "Masticabrodo" impressed so deeply my young spirit, that I soon begot a marked aversion for priests and church.

Thus, like so many of the youth of our island, I grew up a dishevelled and savage youngster. I did not frequent many schools. In Sardinia, more than in any other section of Italy, school is a privilege of the rich. Its smaller villages cannot afford more than the third elementary grade; only the district towns have as much as the sixth grade. Anyone willing to further pursue his studies must go either to Cagliari or Sassari. In no part of Italy, and less so in Sardinia, can poor people subsisting on their work, afford to pay board and tuition for their children in distant and expensive cities.

Yet, tho I could not budge, the word of hope in human redemption and liberty traversed seas and mountains, reaching also our small village.

Whenever a lecturer came our way to speak about socialism, anti-clericalism and human emancipation from all the injustices that the privileged classes have from ancient times imposed upon the disinherited of the world, I would go and listen to him. My young mind understood little of their arguments, but nevertheless I admired them; I almost adored these lecturers, in the same way that other children adored their saints.

I felt an urge for knowledge and read a great deal. I became enthused with socialism which became my first creed.

However, this was not for long. At fifteen I left Sardinia and went on the continent where I met workers who had a mature political consciousness.

Their companionship and their discussions were very interesting to me—they were the spiritual bread I had been longing for. Then I came to know the Anarchist Ideal, its beauty and loftiness. Soon Socialism, with its political aspirations, its electoral affairs, its fear of disturbing the laborious digestions of the powerful, appeared a very vulgar thing to me. My temperament was that of a rebel; my conscience, although in the forming stage as yet, was stretched toward the absolute ideal of liberty and justice; and through the pages of anarchist books and pamphlets, so full of enthusiasm, I found the words and thoughts that best expressed my frame of mind and my hopes.

In this way I became an Anarchist. What attracted me was not only the great ideal of liberty and integral justice that Anarchy embodies, but also the ardor and the disinterestedness with which Anarchists engaged in the fight for the destruction of the existing social system. I believe that Anarchists are the only true defenders of liberty, the only ones who understand the real value of liberty, and are ready to sacrifice everything for it, because it means everything to them.

Then came the war. In August, 1917, I was in Turin. The city was ablaze with revolt against the war. Amongst the many arrested I was picked by a carabinieri, a certain Dore who was also a Sardinian and who I think was later killed in a clash with workers during the Factory Occupation of 1920. When my turn came to serve as a soldier, I served for three years, 14 months of which were during the war period.

When the workers, submitting to the cowardly betrayal of the Socialist Party and General Confederation of Labor leadership, returned the factories to their legal owners, I was one of those who felt disgusted and humiliated at the missed opportunity and for the precious energies that had been squandered in vain. So I decided to expatriate, feeling that there was nothing more to be done in Italy.

I went first to Paris, then to New York. For ten years I made my home in the United States, where I continued to take part in the fight against the nefarious doings of priesthood, as well as against the fascist infiltration among Italian resident communities.

In Pittsfield, Mass. in March 1921, I was assaulted and stabbed by an emissary of the local Italian priest. I was wounded in the shoulder and left side of my body, while my assailant was shot in his foot. I was arrested and charged with assault with intent to kill. Subsequently released under \$300 bail, I escaped trial by moving out of the State, more than ever convinced that no matter where Anarchists go, they are considered beyond the pale of the law and persecuted as such. In this case I, although the victim of an assault, was considered the culprit, while my assailant, only because he served as the tool of a priest, became the accuser. State justice is the same the world over.

I took part in the movement to save our two great martyrs Sacco and Vanzetti. In the pursuit of my anti-fascist activities—to which I feel I have brought a contribution not easily to be forgotten by fascists in America—I was again arrested.

For Fascism as well as for all dictatorships and tyrannies, I have always felt nothing but deep-rooted horror. Mussolini, delighting in cynical brutalities and atrocious persecutions, aiming at nothing else but to preserve his power, I have always considered a reptile most dangerous to humanity. His Neronian attitudes, the role of hangman for the Italian people and their liberty, in which he prides, have always inspired hatred in me—hatred and revulsion, not so much for the man who is but a little over half a quintal of flaccid and damaged flesh, as for the despot, the murderer of my comrades, the betrayer of those poor workers who, up to a few years ago, had nourished him. Years of meditation

have only accumulated and compressed this hatred into my heart: the day must come when it will explode.

Since 1923 I have found myself thinking at times that in order to suppress tyranny the tyrant must be suppressed. Liberty is not a rotten corpse that can be trampled upon with impunity. History teaches that outraged liberty has found ardent upholders at all times. While tyranny hires venal assassins, liberty inspires generous avengers and heroes. And no army of hired assassins has ever succeeded



MICHAEL SCHIRRU

in chaining the will or in stopping the hand of the vindicator.

I came to Europe at the beginning of this year purposely to meet this torturer and remind him that the spirit of liberty is still more alive than ever, that it still inspires rebels and urges them on to the greatest sacrifice; to further remind him that the good old stock of Anarchist avengers of the cruelties and tortures inflicted upon their kind is not extinguished.

During the month of May, when the despot was travelling glamorously in Northern Italy, particularly in Milan, I tried in vain to execute my plan. I was compelled to realize that a resolute will is not enough; one must have also adequate means to succeed. So I took to the frontier again to have time and means to more adequately prepare myself.

Now I am going to try again. I feel certain of success:

## Michael Schirru

M. Schirru was arrested on February 3rd, 1931 in a hotel room in Rome and taken to the police sub-station of Trevi. Here he was about to be searched for arms when, with flashing rapidity, he reached for his gun, fired at each of the three officers in the room and then at himself, in the head. Two of the officers were but slightly wounded while the third and Schirru himself were found to be in a very serious condition. Schirru had to undergo an operation to be saved from immediate death.

Meanwhile the police discovered that, in addition to the one in which he had been arrested, he also was renting another hotel room where two bombs loaded with powerful explosive were found and which, Schirru readily admitted, belonged to him. As soon as he was able to speak he declared that he had come to Rome purposely to kill Mussolini, and that the bombs were meant for this use. When his sudden arrest came to thwart his plan and deprive him of the liberty to execute it, he resolved to exact as great as possible a price for his life and liberty then ending his own life together with that of the police tools of Mussolini who were arresting him.

During his arrest, pending trial, he tried to communicate with his wife, who was living in New York with their two children, but failed. His wife on her side, was trying to communicate with him, but to no avail. On March 27th, he wrote to his father, who was living in France: "This is my eighth letter to you, and no answer has come. I have written several times to Minnie also, and as I have had no reply from her I believe my letters are not forwarded. . . . All I have received is the text of a telegram from Minnie saying she and the children are well and that she is doing her utmost to assist me."

In fact Mrs. Schirru was trying to interest the U. S. Department of State in her husband's behalf. She is an American citizen by birth. While Schirru was one by naturalization and had been travelling in Europe with an American passport. Mrs. Schirru obviously thought that she was entitled to the protection of her Government. But the State Department has no interest whatever for Americans of Anarchist beliefs and didn't care about Schirru's treatment at the hands of the Fascist bandits. In fact the State Department of the United States was heeding more the information it received from the Fascist Embassy in Washington than to Mrs. Schirru's plea that her husband be assured at least of a "fair trial."

What passed in those days between the State Department and His Fascist Majesty's Ambassador in Washington is, of course, unknown to me, but I cannot help recalling that the same attitude of complacency which the Italian Government had assumed a few years before when two Anarchists of Italian origin were slowly being done to death in Boston, was being repaid by the same attitude of complacency by the American Government, while Mussolini's personal tribunal of assassins were preparing for Schirru's murder.

The trial took place on May 28th, late in the afternoon.

revenge, inexorable and deserved, shall fall upon the monster who has not only inflicted martyrdom upon 40 million Italians, but who, always to satisfy his thirst for power, and, with the complicity of the coward and traitorous Savoyard Dynasty, and of all other European fascisms, will soon break loose upon human kind the scourge of another war.

My gesture will not be a crime, for it shall avenge numberless atrocities and prevent even more and worse iniquities; it will not be murder, for it aims at a brute whose appearance only is human; it will be a service to mankind such as every liberty-loving individual, and every Anarchist should render.

But should I fall and fall, I feel sure that others will take my place. Tyrants should never be pardoned or given respite. Let us adopt the tyrant's own motto: "Make life impossible to your enemy." For no man, more than he, (Mussolini) is an enemy to mankind. We must do all in our power to make life impossible to him and his accomplices everywhere and by all means. So dictates the necessity of war. Tyranny wages a savage and pitiless war against liberty. It is not only our right but our duty to fight for the liberty and higher destinies of humanity. In order to win we must accept tyranny's challenge.

Should a merit be deserved by the vindicator, if the memory of him is to be glorified, if I succeed in my design, let such merit fall not upon me, but upon the Ideal that urges me and gives me courage and daring, that teaches me how deeply freedom should be loved and tyranny hated. Unassisted by this Ideal, I should be but one of the many sheep in the fold that gives all the wool it can; uninspired by it, I should be nothing but one of the crowd that lives day by day in resignation to all oppressions. To it then, all the honor and glorifications.

The Anarchist Ideal initiates man in the sublime beauty of universal love, social solidarity, justice and liberty; it is also an inspiration of hatred against evil and of destruction of all that is opprobrious and infamous. Fascism, with its bloody leader and its treacherous monarchy, is at one time all the infamy and all the opprobrium of our age.

This noble Anarchist Ideal, which is so great a part of myself, has given many martyrs and heroes. I do not doubt that it will now administer justice to the sinister despot in Rome.

Should I succeed, I entreat all Anarchists to be vigilant so that political demagoguery, always on the alert to exploit the sacrifice of others, be not allowed to deceive the merits of the act I am about to accomplish, which is purely anarchic. Let them be vigilant so that no one be allowed to attempt to deprive it of its honor and glory, the lofty Ideal by which it is inspired and which, in this last lap of my journey, is the only viaticum of my conscience: Anarchy!

December 1930.

Michael Schirru

(English version by M. S.)

Melchior Seele

Cristini—a young fascist cut-throat raised to the highest ranks in the hierarchy as a reward for his bloody propensities—presided. No jury. No defense. No lawyers and no witnesses are admitted before Mussolini's Special Tribunal—so-called—unless approved by the Tribunal itself which is military in its formation and composed of the most trusted tools of the dictator.

Schirru conducted himself with great dignity during his trial—which, under the circumstances, could hardly be called a trial. He repeated his former declaration of intention to kill Mussolini and gave his reasons. His lawyer—officially named by the Tribunal—gave a semblance of defense, and in no time the Tribunal sentenced the "culprit" to be shot in the back.

Schirru received the sentence with fortitude and calmness: Not a word, not a movement.

At 2:30 o'clock, the next morning, he was awakened from his sleep and told that his execution would take place at sunrise. He asked permission to write his last words to his dear ones; declined the assistance of the priest and then was taken to the Braschi fortress, at the outskirts of Rome, where he was executed—only eight and one-half hours after sentence had been passed—by a firing squad of 24 fascist militiamen.

Schirru's execution was plain murder, even according to the fascist law. He had not killed anybody. He had simply had the intention to kill Mussolini, but he had never been at firing distance from Mussolini. Furthermore, that intention was evidenced exclusively by his own declaration, and the shooting which followed his arrest at the Trevi police station did not carry the death penalty, as capital punishment existed in Italy at that time only for the murder of the king, the crown-prince and Mussolini.

Thus Schirru was assassinated for his intentions as proved by his admission.

He faced death heroically. He well knew that, by asserting his intention of ridding Italy of its tyrant, he was throwing himself in the hands of the tyrant's executioners. Nevertheless he did not hesitate. As he himself says in his Testament, which was published in Italian after his death, life had come to have for him only one purpose: the devotion of it to fighting for the liberation of the Italian people from the mediaeval tyranny that degrades it—and the instant he found himself a prisoner, unable to realize his long coveted design, he could still serve the cause to which he could no longer dedicate his deeds by his words and sacrifice.

To this unsurpassed devotion to the cause of liberty, the Italian workers look as to a source of courage and hope for the future.

\* \* \* \*

"Theft, incest, infanticide, and parricide all once were included in virtuous actions, but war never; for can there really be anything more ridiculous than that a man should have a right to kill me because he lives across the water and his ruler has a complaint against mine, although I have nothing whatever against him?"—BLAISE PASCAL.



# DISCUSSION:

*If There Is Anything That Cannot Bear Free Thought—Let It Crack! —WENDELL PHILLIPS*

## About Planless Anarchy

Always I have been so impressed with the evident justice of the Anarchist philosophy that I thought I might some day be one if I could only learn just what the Anarchists propose to take the place of our present government.

But from your last issue I glean that you have nothing to substitute, for you say: "the Anarchist takes pride in the fact that he offers no plan or program for the Anarchist society of tomorrow."

That settles it. I shall never be an Anarchist.

If every man in the world were an Anarchist there might be some hope that we might sometime automatically evoke something worth while, but every man is not. (1).

Even if the Anarchists were numerically strong enough to suppress all existing governments, the adherents of governments would still be here to organize and plot against them. (2).

I presume you would open the penitentiaries and bid the inmates God speed. Now see where we would be. The Gangsters would live by loot as in the past. Why not, with not a court or a policeman to bid them nay? And the whole country would speedily revert to the conditions that existed in some parts of the west before civil procedure was established, which is to say that every man would carry one or two "gats" with which to settle differences of opinions. (3). No, thanks, I want none of it. Government is bad I admit, but I want something better in sight before we entirely dispense with it. (4).

IRA D. KNEELAND, Mt. Sanctuary.

Quite a few readers have written dissenting letters on the reply I gave to Jerome Cutting in the March issue. In particular, the objections are being made to this sentence:

"The Anarchist takes pride in the fact that he offers no plan or program for the Anarchist society of tomorrow."

Ira D. Kneeland, as well as all other correspondents, have not acted fairly by attacking this paragraph in particular without challenging the paragraph which follows it, and reads:

"Why? For the very well founded reason that no two human beings are born alike. Neither have they the same conceptions, understanding, reasoning, hopes or dreams. To work out a plan or program is to decree and institutionalize life for others. Can true freedom, equality and justice be conceived where programs, plans and systems abound?"

It is the contention put forward in this last paragraph that should have been attacked by those who still believe in programs—for others.

(1) Ira D. Kneeland advances no argument as to why every man in the world couldn't live a natural life, which is the chief aim of the Anarchist.

If the individual has a full comprehension as to what he or she wants today, can we then logically assert that the very same people wouldn't know what to do tomorrow and at all times? Since our correspondent is so "impressed with the evident justice of the Anarchist" even today, amidst the most chaotic disorder of life in man's history, then why should he fear that when man will have cast off the many chains that enslave him today, something worse will ensue?

(2) With the Anarchist it cannot be a question of "suppressing," but of destroying every existent government. It's too big a task for the Anarchist alone, he therefore aims to arouse and inspire the masses toward a realization of this need. When this aim materializes, the "adherents of government" will fall to bring back to life the monster of violence and murder called the State.

(3) Anyone who would take the trouble to investigate the statistics on crime would learn with ease that all the courts, policemen, and jails in the world have not succeeded in eliminating crime, neither in decreasing it. On the contrary, the courts, police, and jails were in many instances breeders of and participants in crime. It is likewise very questionable as to whether any of those behind prison bars are criminals. I am rather inclined to think that they are all victims of criminals. In this latter class, I include every upholder of and adherent to the present system of injustice. The fear of reverting back to primitive life doesn't hold out any terror for me.

(4) If "Government is bad" then why not try to eliminate it and carry on life without the monster?

## Farmer and Worker

I had an idea that the Anarchists were more "extreme" or progressive than the I. W. W. (Industrial Workers of the World), but I find that I am mistaken. In your issue for March, you say the only encouraging "sign of the breakdown of capitalism," alluding to the farmer, and the only "one who actually aids in sustaining life" and then you lament that "one half of the farms of the country belong to their real owners." You go on further to say that "the interests of the farmer and city worker are one and identically the same," and that "a genuine union between the two is now most appropriate." Bunk! If I didn't see the heading on MAN! I would think I was reading some Socialist, or Communist paper. No, the Anarchists are way behind the I. W. W., if your last issue is any criterion. I would have you know that the I. W. W. as an organization have no use for farmers except as an addition to the proletariat. When I worked on a farm, didn't I get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and work till nine in the evening? And doesn't the farmer (or peasant) run his business for profit?

THOMAS JUDGE.

The farmer who isn't employing anyone is as much of a worker as any member of the I. W. W. Such farmers are as much subjected to the exploitation and rulership of Capitalism and the State as are the workers. Their interests are therefore identical, even when they fall as yet to realize it. Of the two, the farmer certainly is the one who produces the most basic essentials of life's necessities. Foodstuffs, comrade Judge, are grown only on, and with the aid of Mother Earth. All the belching smoke of the mines and factories in the world, plus their multitude of evolved machinery cannot produce a single head of cabbage. Nor has any sky-scraper, flying-machine, or cemented pavement succeeded in giving forth as much as a tiny head of a radish! I have no doubt that the dawn of genuine freedom will see the worker discarding the cities for the country,

as well as most of the machinery now in vogue. The simple life, means the natural life. Anarchy is the ideal of the natural, anti-mechanical man. The tragedy of the city worker today lies in the fact that he even thinks in the terms of an automaton, no longer as a natural human being. And even most of the farmers were also looking up to machinery until not so long ago, as their liberator from worry and toil. They failed of course to realize, that, if they were to live in a free society, one or two acres would suffice for the needs of the entire family. And what farmer could not till such an amount of land with his own hands plus a few simple tools? In reality, the machine has proven an excellent means with which to enslave both the city worker and the farmer. They both need to realize their plight and the way out lies in unison with each other.

As to the Anarchist being "way behind" the I. W. W., I'd rather leave this to the judgment of others. To me, it seems that the industrial unionism of the I. W. W. and the Syndicalist idea, aim to institute the same sort of dictatorship in the name of the proletariat, under the shield of an "industrial administration," that the Communist and Socialist rulerships are instituting under the name of the political state. As an Anarchist, I cannot therefore see any good in either the industrial or political road as a means of attaining freedom for mankind.

## Shall Anarchists "Direct"?

We are on the threshold of big changes. The present disorder is not feeding, housing, or clothing the increasing army of the unemployed. The millions of hungry do not have to be explained that something is wrong, they know that, but that's all they do know. The Anarchist or Libertarian press should direct its energy towards the direction of the hungry masses and have as its basis the economic class struggle for the freedom of humanity.

It is not enough to propagate for individual thinking. A militant libertarian paper published at this time, 1933, must direct the readers' energy into some form of economic industrial organization. (Say the I. W. W. for instance). Else, our talk about freedom has no meaning.

MORRIS FAGIN.

The direction of another human being, not to speak of thousands, nay millions of people, is the most formidable negation of the very essence of Anarchism. Whether or not an organization calls itself a political one such as the Socialist or Communist, or an industrial one such as the I. W. W. or Syndicalist, doesn't make any difference. Those who direct, or aim at doing so, are and will do the ruling. This fact alone classes all such movements as enemies of freedom, and Anarchists can have nothing in common with either of them.

To arouse individual thinking has always been, and will remain the most important task of the Anarchist. Isn't the very mass a composition of individuals? Therefore, when we reach the individual, we are reaching the masses in the most direct manner possible.

## PROGRESS

In what sense have we progress today? This question does not appear to be a difficult one, for with a little thought one can mention numerous labor-saving devices, medical discoveries, the advancement made by the psychologists and the new science of psychiatry. One can look back a few generations and compare the complexity of life today with the simplicity of yesterday. One can think of our educational institutions and the proportion of moderately educated people as compared with twenty years ago. All of which seems so apparent and convincing that one feels the question answered.

The first logical step when considering the problem of progress is an examination of the orthodox definition of the word. In Funk and Wagnell's dictionary one finds progress defined as the "advancement toward a better state." This seems to agree with the average individual's conception of the word. In looking over the terms of the definition, the phrase "a better state" becomes important. Just what is meant by "a better state"? Since one cannot conceive of a machine being improved for a machine's sake or a science for a science's sake, one feels justified in assuming that this "better state" is one for people. Machines and sciences have no functions outside of mankind so it follows that they must be regarded as applied to mankind; in other words, progress must be defined in terms of man. Now since our purpose is happiness, no change is justified if it does not contribute to the happiness of man, and since a "better state" automatically becomes a "happier state" progress then, must be the advancement toward happiness.

Examining, in this light, a few factors considered as manifestations of progress, the erstwhile obvious becomes decidedly questionable. In the case of mechanical development, it would seem that machinery is made for the express purpose of alleviating labors and burdens. It does—so thoroughly in fact that it is held by many to be the fundamental reason for the present day crisis. Be that as it may, a little thought and conscientious observation will reveal that machinery is used today because of the profit gained for the owner; such a procedure is inevitable under a wage system. The worker still works as anxiously and un-leisuredly as before since the idea is not to produce with less effort but to produce more and faster. Can it be said, then, that machinery thus applied contributes to man's happiness? The greatest function of the machine today is to increase the possibility for the capitalist to accumulate more of the world's wealth with a minimum output of wages.

Is man any happier for all of the technical appliances ever invented? Were our ancestors less happy than we are because of candles, washboards, no automobiles, no vacuum cleaners? That would mean that happiness did not exist before the technical age. How absurd.

The same could be said of the medical sciences and its branches which have discovered ways of conquering hitherto fatal maladies. Here one observes that the necessary knowledge is held at a price and as a result hundreds die

## Readers and Editor Exchange Thoughts

When the moment of Rebellion arrives, it will not come because any political or economic organization has ordained that it should. All such attempts have in the past proven themselves abortive failures. Rebellion begins whenever the masses, of their own volition, begin it. A most formidable example has been the recent rebellion begun by the farmers in America. A pre-organized movement would have turned it into a fiasco.

The place of every Anarchist is among and with the masses to inspire the latter in all arising struggles for more liberty, which in turn brings us nearer to the realization of Anarchy.

## The Movement Around Man!

The fact that the May-June issue appears jointly implies that the issuing of MAN!, monthly, has been interrupted. This, of course, does not mean that appeals for funds will be made, for, as originally announced, MAN! will continue to appear only as long as its readers will make it possible through their material aid.

The present break-down of capitalism has forced out of existence many publications. Naturally, the radical press was hit the most. Despite this fact, the comrades close to the Anarchist movement have rallied to the support of MAN! to the best of their abilities. If the new sympathizers would match their enthusiasm expressed towards MAN!, with financial support as well, its continued appearance as a monthly would be assured. In the meantime, MAN! will appear whenever sufficient funds will make this possible.

Aside from the fine-spirited support given by comrades individually, they have also given support through their Groups. International gatherings were held in Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit and San Francisco. Affairs were arranged at Paterson, N. J.; Manaquin, Pa.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Riverside, Pa.; Old Forge, Pa.; New York City, and White Plains, N. Y.

The Confederate Libertarian Group of Los Angeles has given an entire page of its forum program to an announcement of the appearance of MAN! They have also mimeographed voluntary contribution lists which they are circulating. Two of these are acknowledged in this issue. The International Group of San Francisco has held monthly affairs which have become well known for their interesting programs. It also held monthly affairs at the Club Rooms. The proceeds went to aid political prisoners here (Kentucky and Walla Walla) and abroad. We also forwarded aid to a needy comrade in Europe. Proceeds from one of the big affairs went to "L'Adunata" and "Dielo Trouda" as well as MAN! During the summer months the International Group plans to arrange picnics in various parts of the State.

Olive B. Walker

yearly for no other reason than that of the lack of the wherewithal to buy the cure or to apply it. Then, too, one must not overlook the fact that conditions and modes of living conducive to certain ailments, or to an impaired resistance to disease, are maintained when they might be changed. I am not concerned at present over the fact that those fortunate enough to have been born with a comparatively slight "struggle for existence" are benefitted, for the very slowness of the number of such.

As for education, which is offered free to all who can afford the leisure, the fruits thereof remain to be questioned. In the first place no one can presume to say that educated people are happier than uneducated people (Some even say they are unhappier!) In the second place, little opportunity is given for the application of any superior knowledge gained.

This brings one to another angle of observation. The definition states that progress is the advancement toward a better state and not the state itself. The problem then is to find characteristics of happiness in the progress recognized today. One must see the potentialities and so one might say that under more or less ideal social circumstances, these changes would become tremendously significant to all. That would mean that as technics and techniques developed man would become happier and happier. But why?

It has often been said that the happiest people on earth are those living in a state of the utmost simplicity. Does happiness lie then in making of life a simple thing? If the primitives live simply and enjoyably and we make of life something complex and difficult, can it be said then, that knowledge, etc., are happiness-conducers? After all, what proof have we that all our intricate machinery, higher knowledge, comforts, and luxuries will make us happy?

Are we not failing to discriminate between progress and change—motion? Is it not important that we question the present trend, that we doubt whether or not we are traveling in the right direction? Should we not, in other words, take what we call progress, less for granted and make of it a debatable subject that we may become more discriminating and more able to guide our changes?

PICNIC  
To aid in the publication of  
**MAN!**  
Sunday, June 18th, 1933  
at

Little Oak Grove Park in San Mateo

Directions to get there:  
Automobiles: Take Peninsula Highway and turn right at Mills Memorial Hospital; proceed about five miles keeping always to the left. With the San Mateo trolley car: Go in front of Mills Memorial Hospital from where a car will be available until 2 p. m.  
DANCING, SINGING, SPAGHETTI



# ART and LITERATURE

## Contrasts In Futility

Conscripts on a battle-field  
Crying out in pain—  
Cattle in a slaughter-pen  
Bellowing in vain.

WILLIAM KENNETH MOYER.

## The Man He Killed

"Had he and I but met  
By some old ancient inn,  
We should have sat us down to wet  
Right many a nipperkin!

"But ranged as infantry,  
And staring face to face,  
I shot at him as he at me,  
And killed him in his place.

"I shot him dead because—  
Because he was my foe,  
Just so: my foe of course he was;  
That's clear enough; although

"He thought he'd 'list perhaps,  
Off-hand like—just as I—  
Was out of work—and sold his traps—  
No other reason why.

"Yes; quaint and curious war is!  
You shoot a fellow down;  
You'd treat if met where any bar is,  
Or help to half-a-crown."

THOMAS HARDY.

## From The Arsenal at Springfield

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal Misereere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## I Sing the Battle

I sing the song of the great clean guns that belch forth death  
at will.  
Ah, but the wailing mothers, the lifeless forms and still!

I sing the songs of the billowing flags, the bugles that cry before.  
Ah, but the skeletons flapping rags, the lips that speak no more!

I sing the clash of bayonets and sabres that flash and cleave.  
And wilt thou sing the maimed ones, too, that go with pinned-  
up sleeve?

I sing acclaimed generals that bring the victory home.  
Ah, but the broken bodies that drip like honey-comb!

I sing the hearts triumphant, long ranks of marching men.  
And wilt thou sing the shadowy hosts that never march again?  
HARRY KEMP.

## The War Spirit

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round and round and round;  
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,  
And lures from cities, farms and fields,  
To sell their liberties for charms  
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms,  
And, when the ambitious voice commands,  
To march, and fight and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round and round and round;  
To me it speaks of ravaged plains,  
Of burning towns and ruined swains;  
Of mangled forms and broken bones;  
Of widow's tears and orphans' moans,  
And all that misery's hand bestows  
To swell the catalogue of human woes.

THOMAS PAINE.

## Breed, Women, Breed

Breed, little mothers  
With the tired backs and the tired hands,  
Breed for the owners of mills and the owners of mines!  
Breed a race of danger-haunted men,  
A race of toiling, straining, miserable men,  
Breed for the owners of mills and the owners of mines.  
Breed, breed, breed!

Breed, little mothers  
With the sunken eyes and the sagging cheeks,  
Breed for the bankers, the crafty and terrible masters of men!  
Breed a race of machines,

A race of anemic, round-shouldered, subway herded machines.  
Breed, little mothers,  
With a faith patient and stupid as cattle,  
Breed for the war-lords!  
Offer your woman-flesh for incredible torment,  
Rack your frail bodies with the pangs of birth  
For the war-lords who strangle your sons!

Breed, little mothers,  
Breed for the owners of mills and the owners of mines,  
Breed for the bankers, the crafty and terrible masters of men,  
Breed for the war-lords, the devouring war-lords,  
Breed, women breed!

LUCIA TRENT.

## In a War Museum

Here are trophies of the war,  
Relics of the battlefields;  
Tattered banners, flags and glories,  
Bayonets and battered shields.  
Pistols, lances, shot and shell,  
Dirks and daggers. Who can tell—  
That bent sabre red with rust,  
Might have chopped off some wise head?

Does man profit by this show?  
Is there naught that he can glean  
From these trophies? Does he know  
What these blood-stained relics mean?  
Does he cherish them with pride,  
Knowing youths have bled and died?  
Homes destroyed and laws transgressed?  
Men transformed to maddened beasts  
By our ministers and priests?

Here are trophies of the fray,  
Twisted swords with gleaming blades;  
Medals hung in neat array,  
Cannons, rifles and grenades.  
These mementos of Hell's fire,  
Are they objects to admire?  
Are the weapons hanging here  
Relics that the wise should prize,  
When the dull, beribboned spear  
Robbed an artist of his eyes?

NORMAN STUCKEY.

## Fight to a Finish

The boys came back, Bands played and flags were flying:  
And crowds of Yellow-Pressmen thronged the street  
To cheer the soldiers who'd refrained from dying,  
And hear the music of returning feet.  
"Of all the thrills and ardors war has brought,  
This moment is the finest" (so they thought).

Snapping their bayonets on to charge the mob,  
Grim Fusiliers broke ranks with glint of steel.  
At last the boys had found a cushy job.

I heard the Yellow-Pressmen grunt and squeal;  
And with my trusty bombers turned and went  
To clear the butchers out of Parliament.

SIGFRIED SASSON.

## Tear Down the Monuments

You who love peace . . . happiness . . .  
You who are tired of war . . .  
Tear down the monuments.  
Break the nose of the grim old warrior  
Who stands on the boulevard!  
Erect in his stead a monument to  
The builder . . . to the scientist . . .  
To the maker of peace and happiness—  
Tear down the monuments built to  
Honor killers . . . bringers of misery  
To the world.

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD.

Reason and persuasion are the only practicable instruments  
(with which to combat supposed error). It is error alone which  
needs the support of the government. Truth can stand by itself.  
—Thomas Jefferson.

## RICHARD WAGNER and the ART of the FUTURE

It is not always remembered that Richard Wagner was an active propagandist of revolutionary thought and wrote on every pertinent subject of his day: revolutionary essays, subversive views of the State, the importance of revolutionary activity—all claimed his attention. During the revolution in Saxony in 1848 and 1849 he fought behind the barricades, in street battles and had to flee from Saxony for his life.

When the revolution of 1848 broke out, Richard Wagner had already completed his first two masterpieces, *Tannhäuser* (1845) and *Lohengrin* (1847). A life of successful activity seemed to lie before him, when he was drawn into the torrent of popular enthusiasm unloosed by the glorious days of March. He went so far as to take an active part in the uprising at Dresden, and a few months later he found himself, together with Bakunin, Kinkel, Freiligrath, Ruge and many another champion of freedom and right, an outlaw and exile.

It is to Wagner, the banished revolutionist that literature owes the most emphatic proclamation of the artistic ideal of the future, the ideal of pantheistic collectivism. This was the direction in which, since the end of the eighteenth century, all German life had been developing. This was the philosophy of Kant and Fichte, of Goethe and Schiller. This was the fundamental, though disguised, ideal of the Romantic movement. This was the goal hovering before Hegel and his followers, before nearly all the men who in the days of reaction stood for liberal thought.

Richard Wagner, therefore, succeeded to the most precious inheritance of contemporary culture, when in the essays *ART AND REVOLUTION* (1849) and *ART WORKS OF THE FUTURE* (1850) both written during his exile in Switzerland, he prophesied the birth of a drama which would be pervaded with the belief in the divineness of all existence.

Like Schiller, he turns to Greek art as the eternal symbol of the highest life. But if Schiller finds in Greek art an expression of individual culture brought to its climax, Wagner finds in it a perfect embodiment of collective consciousness. He leads us back to the Athens of the Persian wars, and makes us witness in *DIE KUNST UND DIE REVOLUTION*, the performance of an *Æschylean Tragedy*.

In glaring contrast with the ideal view of Greek civilization, Wagner draws a picture of modern society in which we easily recognize the anarchist agitator, a Bakunin of poetry and art.

Through priestcraft, princely despotism and industrialism, the modern world has been ground into a mass of inorganic atoms. If it was the curse of Greek civilization that it rested on a system of slavery which deprived a part of the population of their human birthright by making them mere tools for the benefit of the free citizen, modern society has extended this slavery, though different in form, over the vast majority of the citizens themselves. The very essence

of modern society is a merciless struggle for material existence; the unchecked operation of the commercial principle of supply and demand, and the consequent degradation of human labor to a mere commodity; the crowding together of the masses in a few colossal workshops managed for private benefit; the splitting up of humanity into the toiling many and the enjoying few.

"Who are the people?" asks Wagner in *DAS KUNSTWERK DER ZUKUNFT*. "The people is the community of those who feel a common need. To it belong, therefore, all those who recognize their own need as a common one, who do not expect a relief from their own need except through the relief of the common need, and who, consequently, devote all their energies to this relief of the common need.—Who does not belong to the people? And who are its enemies? All those who feel no need, whose lives are actuated by an imaginary, unreal, egotistical want; by a want which is opposed to the common need, which can be satisfied only at the expense of others going without the necessities of life.

"And this devil, this insane want without a want, this want of want, this want of luxury, rules the world. It is the soul of this industrial system which kills the man in order to employ him as a machine; the soul of this state which robs the citizen of his dignity in order mercifully to accept him as a subject; the soul of this church which sacrifices the world to an extramundane God, the consummation of all spiritual luxury; it is—alas!—the soul, the very condition of our art. True art is a priestess of humanity; the art of our age has been degraded to a servant of the flesh. Its moral aim is money making, its esthetic pretext the entertainment of the enervated. Worn and exhausted, the modern man hastens to the theater, not to be uplifted, not to find food for reflection, not to strengthen his feeling of fellowship with all that is sublime and eternal, but in order to distract himself, to get away from the misery of social dissipation, if he is rich, from the monotony of toil and routine if he is poor. Hence this constant appeal to the sensational, this craving for meaningless pomp, this woeful lack of earnestness and character in most of our dramatic productions."

From this gloomy view of the present Wagner turns all the more hopefully toward the future. He sees in the climax of social disintegration the beginning of a new social order. The great mass of the people having already ceased to possess private property, the final transformation of all property into public property has become the task of the social rebels. That we are now in the midst of a social revolution tending toward this goal cannot be doubted. As for Wagner, he was in fullest sympathy with it.

"How," he writes in *DIE KUNST UND DIE REVOLUTION*, "in the present stage of social development does this revolutionary tendency express itself? Does it not most strikingly express itself as defiance on the part of the workman, based upon the moral consciousness of his industry as opposed to the visions, idleness or immoral activity of the rich? Does he not, as a revenge, want to make the principle of work the only saving religion of society? Does he not want to force the rich to work like him, to earn like him, his daily bread by the sweat of his brow? Must we not fear that the carry-

## Hyppolite Havel.

ing out of this principle would make degrading toil an absolute and universal power and (to limit ourselves to our main subject) would destroy for all time, true art? This is indeed the apprehension of many an honest friend of art, even of many a sincere philanthropist who has the preservation of the best in our civilization at heart. But these men fail to see the true essence of the great social movement. They are misled by the expression of violent hatred on the part of the oppressed. Even this hatred proceeds from a deep and noble instinct, the instinct for a dignified enjoyment of life, the desire to press forward from toil to art, from slavery to free humanity."

And the real aim of this great movement is the final and complete emancipation of all, by making each equal with all; it is the bringing about of a society in which men will have freed themselves from the last superstition, the superstition that man can be a tool for an aim lying outside of himself. Having at last recognized himself as the only aim of his existence, having discovered that this aim can be reached only through collective work.

Society, in other words, is striving for a State where individual morality shall have been absorbed in collective morality; and in this State of society, Wagner predicts, art will have found its rightful place as the highest moral agency of the world; it will at last be in a position where, unsullied by selfishness and sordid gain, it will without reserve abandon itself to its supreme mission of interpreting and sanctifying life. The art work of the future will be again what the Greek tragedy, what the *Nibelungenlied*, what the mediaeval cathedrals were; the product of the collective energy of a whole age. But, since this age will be more enlightened, more spiritual, more comprehensive than any previous age, it will produce also a work of art more enlightened, more spiritual, and more comprehensive than the artistic creations of all former ages.

## Replies

A. B. Garcia: We are still awaiting to see whether the journal in question that was so ready to broadcast slander, will show at least that much amount of decency, in allowing a brief reply by the one who has been slandered.

M. Joseph: Thanks for sending the clipping. L. Finkelstein, the Labor editor of the N. Y. "Day," wrote a most appreciative note upon the appearance of MAN! He only expressed surprise at the "Freie Arbeiter Stimme," that had ignored such an event. An individual named Chaim Weisman thereupon wrote a reply in the last named newspaper. The assertion is made there, that: "Marcus Graham is the publisher of a newspaper called MAN!" This is of course a most deliberate invented falsehood. MAN! is issued by The International Group of San Francisco. If it were issued by a sole individual, there would still be no defense for suppressing its appearance in a paper that avowed by Kropotkin whenever it needs to cover up its compromising unethical actions. Since the disreputable and now discredited editor of the above named paper, Mr. Joseph Cohen, has at last been cast out, perhaps it will once more assume the dignified position of an Anarchist organ that it had under the editorship of such comrades as David Edelstadt or M. Katz.

If killing is really wrong, then it cannot possibly be an extenuating circumstance that it was done on a large scale; if stealing is disgraceful, then there can be nothing glorious in taking a province.—VICTOR HUGO.



## VIRGILIA D'ANDREA

"The circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,  
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken;  
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill  
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill."

—Whittier.

Midst the brightness and beauty of the glorious May, amidst the hope and courage of a great work begun, a black cloud suddenly descended upon the anarchist movement and snatched one of its brightest and most exuberant flowers. For this reason, today anarchists are forced to face their enemy with one less in their rank. Today the anarchist chain, if we may call it such, hangs with one of its links missing; for death has taken away Virgilia D'Andrea, the poet-laureate of Anarchism.

It seems unbelievable that we will no longer hear the magnetic words and powerful voice of this great teacher and ardent fighter for the cause she so dearly loved. It seems unbelievable, too, that we will no longer see before us that delicate woman whose very presence was welcomed with respect, admiration, and esteem. Yes, it seems unbelievable to those of us who knew and loved her that we have lost not only a great teacher, not only an apostle of a great Ideal, not only a brave comrade, but a dear and sincere friend.

Yet, we are forced to face the brutal realities of life. We must realize that the laws of life are inexorable. They are the laws of nature from which we cannot escape. In vain we try to ward them off, but inevitably we must succumb to them. It is a sadness which we must face courageously and openly. For, in spite of the great sadness which has befallen us, we can still smile with pride at the mere mention of her name. Virgilia D'Andrea has left us a great treasure—a treasure of thoughts—all for the great family of the oppressed she loved so dearly and with whom she struggled until the end. Virgilia D'Andrea no doubt had merely begun the great work she wanted to accomplish. But what a glorious beginning it was!

Galleani, Malatesta, and now Virgilia D'Andrea—the loss of three of our outstanding teachers in so short a time! What does this mean? We have lost three of the most fruitful trees of our garden. The death of Galleani and Malatesta, who had reached a mature age, was enough in itself, but the loss of our Virgilia who might have done so much more cannot be estimated. It brings us to the realization of the fact that the movement in America, especially, has suffered a severe blow. For this reason, her death should serve as a stimulus to those who are thirsty for knowledge and who are anxious to free themselves from the shackles of slavery. Especially should it arouse the youth to study and make part of them the ideas she loved so well, for the work of tomorrow rests upon the youth of today. A stimulus, too, should it be to the mothers and fathers of our movement, to begin, if they have not already done so, to teach their children the beauty and value of the anarchist ideal.

Therefore, let us dry those tears; let us smile bravely.

Yes, let us sing the thoughts and beauty of the Ideal which Virgilia D'Andrea loved as many of us do. Upon us rests a great work. Her work is DONE; ours has but begun.

To say more at this time of this woman whom I loved as a teacher and friend and who was an inspiration to me, is almost impossible. Yet, I feel sure that had she expressed a last thought or desire, it would have been a message of courage and hopefulness to us, the inheritors of the fruits of a valuable life. I feel sure, too, that nothing would have made her happier than to know that she left behind her a great happy family renewed with vigor and resolved more than ever to persevere in the struggle for the demolition of the State.

The memory of Virgilia D'Andrea is a bright flame burning avidly and scorchingly on the enemies of Anarchism.

Aurora Alleva.



VIRGILIA D'ANDREA

### A Biographical Note

Virgilia D'Andrea was born in Sulmona, Italy, February 11th, 1890. She was still a young girl and a school teacher when she broke away from traditionalism and embraced the ideal of Anarchism. She was presently the poetess of

Anarchism, as Pietro Gori had been its poet three decades ago. In fact the spirit of her poetry has many points of similarity with Gori's, especially in the nobility of conception and the overwhelming sense of kindness. But she also possessed such a spirit of militancy that could hardly be imagined in a diminutive woman who would always speak to you in a soft, sweet and melodious voice. When she toured this country about three years ago, her lectures—always considered jewels of art and most comprehensive expositions of the principle of Anarchism as well, proved to be a complete triumph that swept comrades and radicals of every school. Her conception of Anarchism was very broad and comprehensive and when even from our midst arose a timid voice of condemnation for individual deeds which didn't meet with the sympathy of the crowd at large, there sprang, unflinchingly the vivid prose of Virgilia D'Andrea, strong with logic and appealing with sentiment, to a warm defense of the attacked ones and a fraternal admonition to the attackers.

Comrade D'Andrea died in New York, May 11, 1933.

She leaves us a volume of poetry "Tormento" (Torment) and a volume of prose "L'Orca di Maramaldo" (The Hour of Maramaldo), while the very day that she passed away another volume of hers was coming out of print: "Torch into the Night," a collection of some of her lectures and some of her writings which had appeared at various times.

Like many of our comrades and revolutionists of other schools, she also was driven into the bitter road of exile by the brutal persecution of a herd of criminals that succeeded in putting up the most murderous machinery of reaction of all ages: Fascism. And the travail and misery of exile she knew in the cold, hostile republic of France and in this, even more inhospitable, country of ours, which has shamelessly forgotten that it received its baptism at the hands of religious and political exiles.

In the preface to her last book "Torch into the Night," while she foresees the social revolution which will unflinchingly bring about the redemption of the Italian people from the black clutches of the fascist cut-throats, she sadly thinks of the inexorable absence of two great figures of Anarchism: Galleani and Malatesta, and she writes:

"When we will return over there, to flap again our flag;  
In the panting and uncertain hour of resumption;  
In the solemn hour of the strife;  
In the hazardous hour of victory;  
Through the uncertainties of the morrow;  
Amidst the torturing voices of sorrow;  
How many times, through a vision of memories, will we say to ourselves:  
Oh, if they would only be here!"

While copiously scattering the red flowers of our affection and deep regret over the casket of our prematurely lost comrade, we firmly believe that in the unflinching morrow of redemption, the Italian comrades will repeat for Virgilia D'Andrea the very same words she just wrote for Malatesta and Galleani:

"OH, IF SHE WOULD ONLY BE HERE!"

S. Menico.

Grove Park: Lincoln and Midland avenues in Yonkers, N. Y. (Free bus service from subway station 241st St. at White Plains Road to the park. Admission 50c.)

A picnic arranged by the Gruppo Refrattario will take place June 11th, 1933 at 87000 So. Western avenue in Chicago. Proceeds will go to MAN!, "L'Adunata" and to Political Prisoners.

(July 16th and August 20th, 1933 have also been set for picnics: please arrange no conflicting affairs.)

The picnic to be held in the bay region on June 18th, is announced in detail on page six of this issue.

An affair is also arranged for comrades and sympathizers on Saturday evening, June 10th, at our Club rooms, 2787a Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.

### Financial Statement

(March 15th to May 15th, 1933)

**INCOME**  
Paper sale 50c; F. Erkelens \$1.00; Fox 25c; Paper sale through L. Noll \$2.25; Jessup Penna from affair of March 5th \$20.00; John Petri \$1.00; Simontacchi \$1.00; R. Zelick \$2.00; H. Comfort \$1.00; G. Wickel \$2.00; I. Short \$1.00; Oscar Stern \$1.00; Philip Walter \$1.00; Paper sale through Forcella 50c; O. Leonov \$1.00; C. D. Raymer 50c; Jo. Kennedy \$2.00; J. Newton 25c; L. Santo \$1.00; L. Battaglia \$1.00; M. Joseph \$1.00; E. Capotay 50c; V. Turiddu \$1.00; F. Caruso \$1.00; A. Hannu \$1.25; A. Hannu \$1.25; A. Antolini \$1.00; C. Candido \$1.00; Anna Levin 50c; R. Hornstein 50c; San Francisco affair of March 11th \$20.61; Gavino \$1.00; C. T. Spradling \$1.00; V. Vallera \$1.00; B. Baeder \$1.00; C. A. Castello 25c; F. Colla 50c; M. Weiss \$1.15; S. Levine \$1.00; L. F. Merrill 50c; paper sale Masons \$3.11; A. Giannini \$1.00; Carlos Simpson 50c; paper sale, Oakland \$1.00; L. W. Bertuse 50c; H. C. Kluge 50c; R. Grinfeld 50c; H. Taliani \$1.50; L. D'Isop \$1.00; paper sale San Francisco 30c; C. Cortopassi 50c; F. Liera 50c; E. Romero \$2.00; D. E. Moorefield 50c; A. A. Hennacy 25c; Belle Roman 60c; L. Fagnani \$2.75; through J. F. Campbell; A. Levin's collecting list—Lena Frenstein 10c; Haraway 50c; P. Linovch 50c; Philosopher 10c; R. Cooney 25c; C. Osolny 25c; Slave 25c; J. Bohlen's collecting list: J. F. Campbell 50c; Carl Brundin 50c; A. Leonov \$1.00; C. H. Meyer \$1.00; P. — 50c; total \$2.70; L. Novarra \$1.00; V. Del Papa \$1.00; Linda Pomilla \$1.00; Malatesta Group of Cleveland \$5.00; E. White 50c; E. M. Aurore \$1.00; paper sale San Francisco 90c; Josephine Salerno 50c; Mary Davis \$1.00; P. John 25c; paper sale through L. Noll \$1.75; J. Buchie \$1.00; Scarceaux \$1.00; V. D. D. \$1.00; B. Schiarabaglio \$1.00; J. Fasso \$1.00; Bernard Hoobin \$1.00; W. S. Sparks 15c; Paul Kopec \$2.00; Louis Bandula \$2.00; Carlo Castello \$2.00; James Kelly \$2.00; Wm. S. Foldes \$1.00; Malatesta Group of Cleveland \$10.00; through V. Passeri \$1.00; paper sale Butte, Mont. 30c; share from affair arranged by Liberatorian Group of Cleveland \$5.50; San Francisco affair of April 22nd \$21.95; contributed by Novarra \$1.00; H. Williams \$1.00; Glynro's picnic (share) \$35.30; B. Lara 50c; W. De Coster \$1.00; paper sale, Seattle \$1.50; G. Rossi \$1.00; Typographer, Seattle \$1.00; J. J. Clairton, Pa. \$1.00; Gruppo Libertario of Rochester \$5.00; list circulated by E. Vivas; G. Stipanoff 10c; Ledorio 25c; M. H. 25c; I. Steink 10c; K. Sh. 25c; A. Snawruse 50c; A. Omelchuk 25c; list circulated by J. B. J. B. \$1.00; C. Bindi \$1.00; L. Noll \$1.00; D. Testa \$1.00; N. Catalano \$1.00; B. Cerva 1.00; papers sold by J. B. \$1.00; Tribu 25c; for a copy of MAN! 50c; Zanchello lecture surplus \$1.10; R. Drieger 47c; Edna Faecon \$2.00; Centro Estudios Sociales, White Plains \$2.40. Total \$234.92.

**EXPENDITURES**  
Additional postage last issue \$ 9.40  
Return postage, stamps, post cards, stationery 16.19  
Issue No. 5-6, Printing 86.00  
Issue No. 5-6, Postage 25.00  
Issue No. 5-6 Express 5.00  
Total \$141.69  
Total income \$234.92  
Total expenditures 141.69  
Cash on Hand \$103.95  
Expenditures are larger due to a raise on the rate of postage, caused by the enlargement of MAN! which increased its weight.

## NOTES ON OUR MOVEMENTS

### Cuba

The Machado regime keeps up its brutal attacks upon workers, the Anarchist ones in particular. In the first week of May, it attacked a meeting of the Puerto Tarafa Longshoremen and Stevedores' Union, seizing Enrique Rollo secretary and Alfredo Perez corresponding secretary, and hurriedly rushed them away to the Isle of Pine jail. In 1925, Enrique Varona was shot to death in the town of Moron for being an Anarchist. In 1930, Santiago Estevan Brook was also shot to death. Many other workers have been attacked, jailed and deported by the Machado government. Despite all the repressions, the workers are attempting to combat the reaction. A federation was recently formed at Nuevitas, for this purpose.

### Mexico

On the 5th of March, 1933, the Group that has recently started the publication, "Idea Y Accion," was suddenly attacked by the police, as a large attended meeting was in progress. Every one present was arrested. Two days later all the Mexican born comrades were released. Three comrades, Ramon Delgado, Tantanilla and J. Garcia, were detained. The first two have already been deported to Spain. The mailing list of the publication was seized by the police, as was also all the other material and correspondence found.

### From Our Chinese Comrades

To Our Comrades:

We, in behalf of all our Chinese Anarchists in America avail ourselves of the opportunity in this most memorable day of "May 1st" to express before you our strong faith in Anarchism and its ultimate success.

Today is not the day to celebrate success, but the day to commemorate those who have given up their lives in the course of struggling for Liberty.

The organization of the State is the back bone of capitalism. In order to wipe out capitalism we must therefore annihilate the State.

This goal—Liberty—cannot be obtained until all states or governments are to be completely destroyed.

THE EQUALITY SOCIETY.

### "Mother Earth" Appears

The first issue of this mimeographed journal appeared in April on bright white paper, size 8x12. Its editors (two comrades) Jo Ann Wheeler and John G. Scott, work the land so it is therefore but natural that the new journal should direct its main appeal to the farmer. The first page contains a striking cartoon depicting Liberty flanked on each side by the worker and farmer, shouting forth: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Aside from brief editorial notes and news of general interest under the caption: *Thunder on the Left*, it has as its main feature the program of the American Jubilee which

appeared in part in the April issue of MAN! under the heading: *Now is the Time to Act!* The two most outstanding articles are: *The New Battle Cry* and *The Rising Generation*. The general spirit of "Mother Earth" is undoubtedly Anarchistic, although no direct mention of the word is being made. The only objection an Anarchist must make to the first issue is to the two stipulations in *The American Agreement*. One expresses the hope that "congress and the president" will aid in fulfilling the agreement. The second expression is in favor of veterans (of the trade of murder) receiving further compensation and pension. Despite these two slips, MAN! greets our new contemporary and wishes it a long and fruitful life in the struggle for social liberation. (Address: Mother Earth, Rt. 1, Crayville, N. Y.)

### Man and "Dielo Trouda"

A comrade of our Group has asked the editor of the Russian Anarchist-Communist Journal, "Dielo Trouda," why they don't support MAN!, and in the March-April issue, the editor gives his answer. He assures our comrade, that he likes MAN! and would even wish to see it succeed. Neither has he anything against the editor. But, he doesn't like at all the general spirit of MAN!, because it is against organization, conferences, congresses and federations, and therefore it has nothing in common with the Anarchist-Communist ideas of Bakunin and Kropotkin.

What the editor of "Dielo Trouda" (who is himself a Syndicalist) has failed to prove, is: as to whether MAN! is against Anarchist-Communism?

To the International Group that issues MAN!, and to its editor, Anarchist-Communism is an embracement of Individualist-Anarchism. Whenever the importance of the individual diminishes in any grouping or Commune of Anarchists, then Anarchism does likewise. MAN! has as its ideal Anarchy. What is the ideal of the "Dielo Trouda"?

### Comrade Hippolyte Havel III

Dear Marcus—

I am a very sick man, and cannot do any work at present. Why don't you reprint some of my old stuff? The Wagner celebration is now going on. Why not point out Wagner's revolutionary activity and his view on art?

I intended to make a tour in the middle west but had to give it up in Detroit on account of my illness. I can hardly hold the pen in my hand.

With Greetings,

H. H.

Every one in our movement will be saddened by the news of comrade Havel's illness, and join in wishing him a speedy recovery.—Editor.

### Four Affairs

A picnic to aid our Italian contemporary "L' Adunata dei Refrattari" will be held Sunday, June 25th, 1933 at Zedler's